

POEMS AND LYRICS.

J. K. FORAN,

LIT. D., L.L.B.

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J. K. Toran

P O E M S

AND

CANADIAN LYRICS

BY

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The Spirit of the Age—Irish Canadian Representatives—Simon
the Abenakis—Canadian Essays—Obligations, etc.—
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DEDICATION.

To his fond wife, the participator in his many joys and sorrows, and to the memory of their dear dead children, Alonzo and Irene, is this little volume affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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1895
MAIN

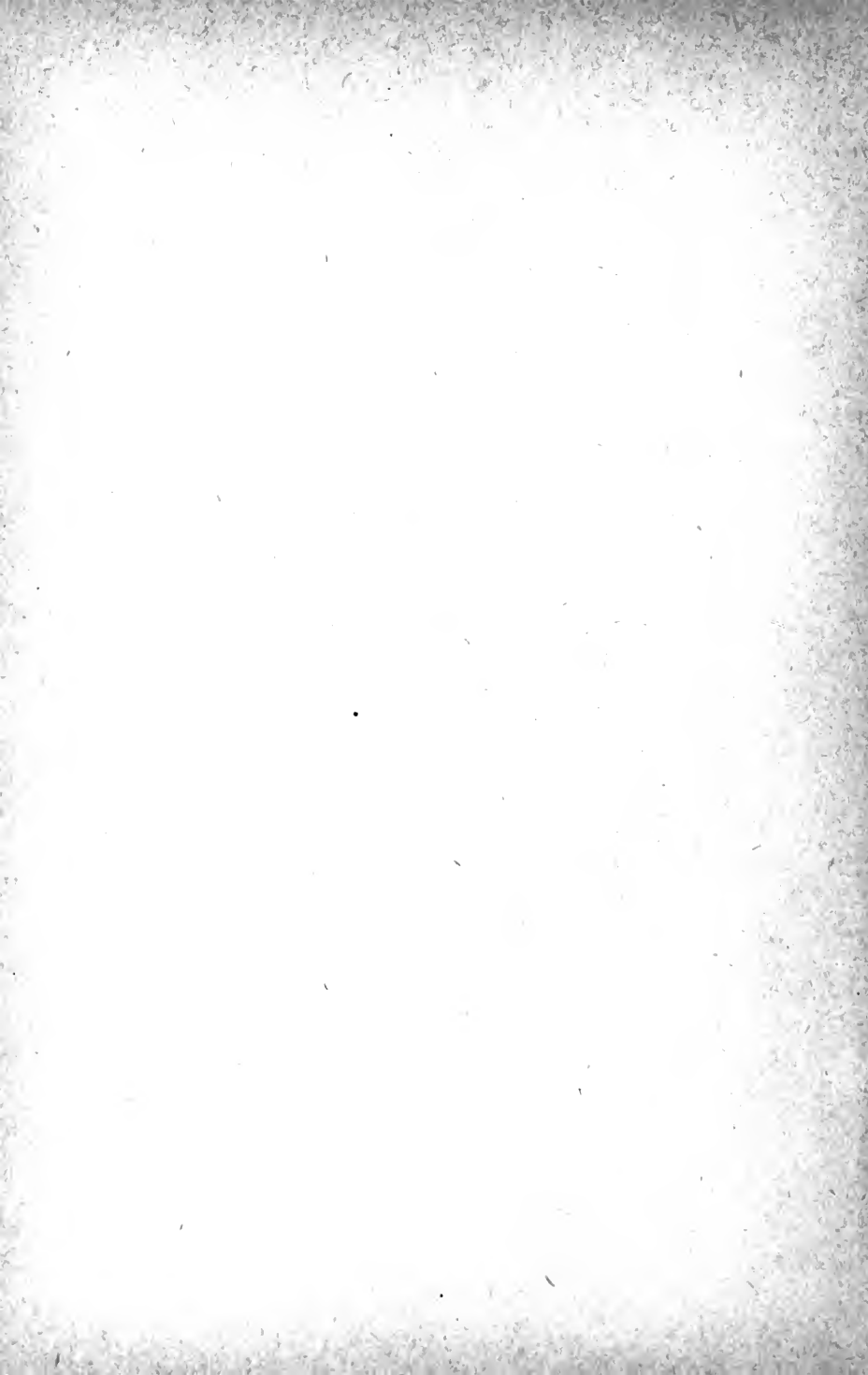
P R E F A C E.

This volume contains some rude verses upon different subjects, written at hap-hazard and in all manner of places, from the forests of the Black River to the Halls of Laval, from the Indian wigwam to the House of Commons ; in newspaper offices, law offices, and government offices ; in court rooms and lumber camps ; in monastic retreats and election campaigns. Written, thus, under such different circumstances, in such different moods and 'midst such different scenes, these lines are variegated in spirit, in tone, in feeling and even in construction.

In these pages are verses for each and all. No matter what his creed, or what his nationality may be, the reader will find, herein, some string vibrating in accord with his heart and feelings. Living in a land where all races and creeds meet and commingle, it is our duty to preach peace, union and patriotic harmony. With this sentiment—the only one worthy of a true and loyal Canadian—this little volume, with all its imperfections, is contributed to the growing literature of our young country, by

THE AUTHOR.

Montreal, February, 1895.
St. Valentine's Day.



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PATRIOTIC POEMS

CANADIAN SONG.

Air : "THE SHAMROCK."

I

Come fill a glass,
And let it pass,
We'll drink to one another ;
Each soul we meet
We'll kindly greet,
As our Canadian brother ;
We all are one,
The day is done,
When discord swept around us,
A holy band,
Upon our land,
Fast each to each has bound us.

CHORUS.

Oh ! our fair land !
Our dear Canadian rare land !
No foreign host will ever boast,
Our dear Canadian rare land !

II

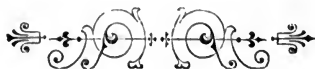
Both Scot and Frank,
In equal rank,
With Saxon, Celt, and Stranger,
United stand,
A nation grand,
When looms the coming danger :
In love and peace,
Our hopes increase—
Our bonds grow fast and faster ;
E'en to our name,
Our lot's the same—
Nor have we slave or master.

Chorus : Oh ! our fair land, &c., &c. !

III

Then let us prize
Canadian skies,
Canadian hills and mountains,
Canadian lakes,
Canadian brakes,
Canadian rills and fountains ;—
From East to West,
Be ever blest
Our land yet young in story ;
May maples shine,
And 'round her twine
Their wreaths of brightest glory.

Chorus : Oh ! our fair land, &c., &c. !



As its tones are loudly ringing
 Over distant vale and hill ;
 And its voice is clearly saying,
 As the faithful 'round are praying,
 " I invite you all this way in
 My accents loud and shrill,
 As each has contributed,
 Let ye all the temple fill,
 Bowling to One Holy Will ! "

IV

And the lordly in his palace,
 With his gold and ivory chalice,
 Leaves the tempter's liquid malice
 When the bell rings close of day ;
 And the poor man, who has given
 All he had beneath the heaven,
 Hears the vesper bell at even
 And his soul is light and gay,
 For he feels the notes are for him,
 And he takes his joyous way
 To the temple where they pray.

V

Such is Canada, our nation,
 Freest land of all creation ;
 Land of hope and expectation—
 In its crucible 'tis now ;
 It is just in its formation,
 Powerful in its broad foundation,
 Grand each gleam and aspiration
 Lighting up its radiant brow,
 In the Workshop of Creation
 It is being formed now ;
 Let us make for it a vow !

VI

Let each bring his contribution—
 Iron's stern resolution,
Silver's brilliant pen effusion
 And of reason pure the *Gold* :
 And when the metal's warmed,
 (A mighty task is stormed),
And a glorious bell is formed,—
 Let us wait to hear it toll'd —
 It will tell how each has given—
 Poor and rich, and young and old,
When the bell was in its mould !

VII

Then when the work is ended,
 And this bell on high suspended,
And its powerful notes have blended
 With the tunes of other lands ;
 When loudly it is rolling,
And its thunder voice is tolling,
 Full loud from pole to pole in
 Its peal will be commands,
Calling all to come and worship
 Where their country's altar stands,
 In strong united bands !

VIII

Then the rich and poor may listen,
 And their eyes with tears will glisten,
While Discord's Demons hiss in
 Their angry rage and pride ;
 The mighty and the lowly,
In one alliance holy,
 With but one spirit solely—

No longer shall divide,
 But along the stream of ages,
 As fairy beings ride,
 To Eternity they'll glide !

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE 1887.

I

Hail Victoria ! Glorious Empress,
 on thy sea-encircled throne,
 'Neath whose sceptre, from
 the Arctic to the burning Torrid zone,
 Rings the song of jubilation,
 like an anthem swelling high
 In the universe's temple,
 rolling grandly to the sky !

II

O'er the vastness of Atlantic,
 swept by Britain's thundering fleet,
 O'er Pacific's lordly billows,
 surging at the "Rockies" feet,
 From the deep "Cashmerean" valleys,
 from the Islands of "Fiji",
 Come the clarion notes of triumph
 to proclaim thy jubilee !

III

Hark ! as echo springing upward
 from "Australia's" craggy steeps,
 'Round the "Cape," on wings of swiftness,
 towards the "Windward Islands" sweeps,

Passing to the " Northern Prairies,"
 from " Ontario's " surging breast,
 From " St. Lawrence' " gorgeous waters,
 speeds the echo towards the West.

IV

List ! by " Indus " now 'tis rising,
 now by Lucknow's gate it swells ;
 List ! it makes a glad vibration
 in " Jamaica's " granite cells :
 Now by " Cyprus " ; now at " Malta " ;
 all the Midland sea along,
 'Till Celestial subjects answer
 from the " Island of Hong-Kong " !

V

Off where Stanley trod the wildness
 of old " Afric's " fevered breast ;
 Up where Franklin placed a banner
 on the iceberg's crystal crest ;
 O'er the " Baltic's " roaring breakers ;
 o'er " Niagara's " giant fall ;
 From the " Nile's " far distant fountains ;
 from the jungles of " Bengal " ;

VI

North and South, from East, from Westward,
 comes that grand, harmonic voice,
 Bidding all thy subjects listen,
 bidding all of them rejoice ;
 And the burden of that anthem,
 rushing over land and sea,
 Is one universal tribute
 for Victoria's jubilee !

VII

Fifty years have roll'd their moments,
 like the wavelets of a stream,
 Towards that ocean, vast and endless,
 where eternal glories beam,
 Since you first became a monarch,
 since the crown your forehead pressed,
 Since you wept at coronation,
 on your aged mother's breast.

VIII

Wife the truest, mother fondest,
 monarch noblest of your line,
 What a wreath of choicest blessings
 for your brow, to-day, we twine !
 Tender hearted, how you missed him,
 Albert, Consort, peer of men !
 Many moments' silent sorrow
 has oppressed your soul since then !

IX

Shall we speak of deep affection
 that a mother ever feels
 For her children? No ; 'tis sacred,
 and our lips the story seals !
 Not as *wife*, nor yet as *mother*
 shall we praise Her Majesty ;
 But as *monarch*, first and noblest ;
 'tis a Royal jubilee !

X

PEACE has spread her shady winglets
 over more than half your reign ;
 WAR, at times, has called your legions
 to the thundering battle plain ;

Whether Peace, in halcyon calmness,
 hover'd o'er the Empire grand ;
Whether War, in headlong madness,
 roll'd its billows o'er the land ;

XI

Whether Arts were nobly fostered,
 whether prosperous calm held sway ;
Whether fleets, on wings of vengeance,
 dash'd aside the ocean's spray,
Ever faithful, ever watchful,
 for your subjects you have been
Mother kindest, bulwark strongest,
 in a word, *you were a Queen !*

XII

Let us pray that God may grant you
 years of life and years of strength,
Long to reign in glory o'er us ;
 and that when the time, at length,
That to every subject cometh,
 comes to you as to the rest,
May He grant you an eternal
 throne of glory with the Blest !

IRELAND TO VICTORIA.

JUBILEE YEAR 1887.

I

Yes, fifty years of smiles and tears,
 have slowly come and gone,
Since in the prime of youthful time
 you first sat on the throne ;

A glorious life, in peace or strife,
 a glorious reign full long ;
 Ah ! It is meet that we should greet
 your jubilee with song !

II

Look back awhile, through tear and smile,
 upon those fifty years ;
 And contemplate a nation's fate—
 a nation steeped in tears !
 Behold the glare of deep despair
 on many a noble face ;
 While dark sails sweep the furrow'd deep,
 with children of our race !

III

While famine crept where plenty stept
 in happier days of yore ;
 And mothers wept while children slept
 in sleep to wake no more ;
 While terror trod our holy sod
 and alien lords held sway ;
 While from their door the starving poor
 were push'd in crowds away.

IV

Within your reign you've heard the strain
 from Mangan's solemn lyre ;
 And were you stirr'd when first you heard
 Speranza's song of fire ?
 That soul of truth, that noblest youth—
 poor Davis—sang since then ;
 His day is o'er, he'll chant no more—
 that best of Irishmen !

V

'The "Nation's" voice bade some rejoice,
while others felt the shock
Of Ireland's *right* rush in its might,
like billows on a rock ;
The nation's moans ; the thund'ring tones
of Meagher's clarion tongue,
Like to the swell of Vesper bell,
o'er all the Island rung.

VI

Poor Mitchell taught : O'Brien sought
to raise the people's hope ;
McManus wrought and patriots fought
on Ballingarry's slope ;
But all in vain ; like summer rain
misfortunes fell in showers,
The fruits had died, though every side
displayed the choicest flowers.

VII

O'Connell's word, that flaming sword,
had sunk in silence deep,
Glasnevin's tomb at last did loom
above his hallowed sleep.
In vain, in vain, with voice or strain,
did Erin's great ones plead,
No answer came, save still the same
that mock'd her in her need.

VIII

Then came a day when her dismay
was dropt before her foes :
A noble band, for fatherland,
in honest strength arose.

They left her shore to bend before
 the *Throne's Legal Right*,
 But then they swore to ne'er adore
 old England's ruthless *might* !

IX

Parnell has told the story old,
 but told it with a strength,
 That England's best of men has blest
 and joined the cause at length,
 Within an ace the ancient race
 to freemen's rights once came,
 And for that space we'll ever trace
 in mem'ry Gladstone's name.

X

Victoria ! see, your jubilee
 has come in proper time ;
 Exert your will, and Ireland still
 may be a happy clime !
 A custom was, in ancient laws,
 in years when all rejoice,
 To free the slave, the convict save,
 to speak with mercy's voice.

XI

Your time is *now* ; come win the vow
 for you of Ireland's sons ;
 The chance now clasp, the moment grasp,
 ere to the sea it runs !
 Proclaim aloud, that you are proud,
 upon this festive year,
 To raise a land, to make her grand,
 and wipe away the tear.

XII

Then how we'd press and ever bless
 the memory of the Queen,
 Who nobly gave, our Isle to save,
 a House on College Green !
 All o'er the earth will sound their mirth,
 the children of the Gael,
 And many a prayer will rise in air
 for the friend of Innisfail.

XIII

Where we adore, we'll bend before
 the altar's sacred fane,
 And pray the Lord that your reward
 may be a lengthened reign !
 When at the close, to death's repose,
 you sink in holy calm,
 Old Ireland there will breathe a prayer—
 'twill be your *requiem* psalm !

XIV

Then let us see old Ireland free,
 before this year is o'er ;
 Your jubilee will golden be,—
 ah ! then we ask no more !
 On wings of fame Victoria's name
 shall down the future glide ;
 The Celtic spears, when danger nears,
 will bristle by your side ;
 And Irish cheers, in future years,
 will swell, like ocean's tide ;
 When'er the ear shall gladly hear
 your name,—our country's pride !

"THE UNION OF HEARTS."

OR

GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

(On receiving from P. J. Doyle Esq, of London, Eng., a colored sup-
pliment to "United Ireland," representing Gladstone uniting the hands of
John Bull and Erin.)

High Priest of the Nations ! In nature's great plan,
As some figure sublime, like a glorious "old man,"
'Midst the multitude kneeling you've taken the stand
Sacerdotal, to 'minister and to command !
To the thoughtless and heartless a lesson you teach,
To the faithless and soulless a sermon you preach,
Cementing divisions, and healing all smarts,
In the wedlock of happiness "uniting two hearts."
The great pulsing heart that, in Britain's broad breast,
Throbs loud as the ocean from East unto West,
With the grand loving heart that for centuries bled
In the bosom of Erin, 'till its last drops were shed.
Before the high altar of nations you pause,
In the name of high heaven and humanity's laws,
'Neath the broad arching dome of the Universe there,
You summon the world unto justice and prayer ;
The chorus that swells, in an anthem sublime,
Was the hymn of the great since the dawning of time,
The incense that burns on your sanctified shrine
Is the gift of a life to a cause that's divine !

And Britain will pause in her headlong career,
At the voice of your warning, and listening, hear,
While, in accents of eloquence, you shall unfold
A picture of sufferings and sorrows untold.

Then the hardness of heart shall you melt into tears,
And the phantoms shall rise from the blackness of years,
And the moan of the down-trodden Island shall rise,
Like some deep *Miserere*, through death-clouded skies,
And justice will harken, and casting aside
The cloak, in whose foldings she nearly had died,
Will spring to the front, and, with standard unfurl'd,
Proclaim the great " Union of Hearts " to the world !

Like the sun, in the morning coming out of the East,
In his garments of glory, as a King to a feast,
You arose on the night of this century's gloom,
And your beams fell aslant on a country's tomb ;
Towards the zenith you 'rose, past the mid-day, in fine
Down the slopes of the west to the evening's decline.
Here and there through the day-time a cloud might be seen
To flit 'cross that sun and to shadow its sheen ;
But the cloud passed away, and more gloriously bright
Shone the orb, in its pristine effulgence of light.
Beheld you the sun setting far in the West,
When crimson clouds pillow'd and cushion'd his rest ?
What a grandeur unequalled each raylet imparts
To the sky and the earth ere the day-god departs !
Thus collecting your beams, toward the close of your day,
They illumine your path like the heavenly ray
That falls on the just in a halo sublime,
And shrines them in light at their sun-set of time !

What a mission is yours ! To preach to the world,
'Till the mighty from loftiest places are hurl'd,
'Till the humble arise and 'till Right shall be done,
'Till the cause of the Martyr of Nations is won !
Go on to the end, and unite hand in hand
Great Britain and Erin in a love-lasting band ;

Then peace shall preside and prosperity glow,
 And a "Union of hearts" both the Nations shall know ;
 Then England will bless you who saved her from wreck,
 And with garlands, your brow, shall her children bedeck ;
 Then Ireland will cherish your memory and name,
 Incribed on her tablets of glory and fame ;
 Her savior, her guardian, her father, her friend ;
 Before the Eternal her proud knee shall bend,
 And her voice will ascend, from her freedom-won sod,
 To pray for you, Gladstone, forever to God !

EGYPT IN '82.

Crimson the sands by the fast-rising Nile ;
 Crimson the orb that looks down on the plain ;
 Dark fall the shades of the pyramid-pile ;
 Dark falls the night on the hosts of the slain !

The desert is silent ; the moon grows more wan,
 As she creeps towards the zenith and shines on the land ;
 The spectres *akbar* of the lost caravan,
 Move ghastly afar o'er the fast whitening sand !

And the Moslem hord in the valley lies stark,
 And the turban'd adorers of Allah are low—
 No sound save the prey-dog's wild, ominous bark,
 And the pace of the guard by the bivouac's glow.

The home of the Pharoahs in mourning once more ;
 The West is triumphant, as the Orient star—
 That the Bedouin fanatic loves to adore—
 Is lost in the flow of adversity's war.

The crescent is down and the mosque is alone,
 Deserted ; the thousands that knelt there are fled ;
 The power of *the Prophet* is vanquish'd and gone,
 And the plains of Ismailia are holding the dead.

Then praise to the heroes who carried the flag
 Of the Christian, afar to the cradle of life,
 From the civilized homes on the western crag,
 To the plains of disorder, the desert of strife !

And praise to the land that espoused the great cause,
 Of nations' prosperity, commerce and fame,
 Whose sword was unsheath'd in the name of the laws
 Of civilized Europe, and God's holy name.

The sun sank to rest on a vile land of slaves ;
 He 'rose in his glory, Jehovah's great priest,
 To gaze on the sacrifice, over their graves,
 To Liberty made, in the land of the East.

SUNRISE AT CHELSEA

OR

CANADA A NATION.

One morning still, on Chelsea hill,
 I stood at the break of day,
 The shades of night with the op'ning light
 Were mixed in a fading gray ;
 And vapors low in a motion slow
 Were wreathing the mountains high,—
 While a curling cloud on the summits proud,
 Grew pink in the morning sky.

Up, up they roll'd, from gray to gold,
In the flush of light they grew,
And shriekings shrill woke the echoing hill
As the prey-bird swiftly flew.
At last afar—as the morning star—
Waxed pale in the glowing east,
O'er the orient top did the day-god stop,
His eye on the scene to feast !

In fine the skies, in a grand surprise,
Blazed forth in the flush of morn,
And the fiery flood on the hill and wood,
Proclaimed that a day was born.
'Neath the round red sun, his course begun,
The clouds on the mountains fade,
And a purer light from Aurora bright,
Falls fresh on the stream and glade.

In the West away, where at close of day
The sky is of crimson hue,
Huge mound on mound to horizon's bound,
In the distance rises blue ;
Behind me far, toward the polar star,
Toward the north the rocks extend,
In range o'er range—till they interchange
Where the Arctic limits end.

To the South behold the wealth untold
Of a valley broad and grand ;
The constant flow of the Gatineau
Through the slopes of a teaming land ;
And the gilded spires, in the morning fires,
Of each rising holy fane,
While the queenly towers, like a nation's powers,
O'er our broad Dominion reign !

On the sun I gazed as he slowly raised
In the flush of his morning pride ;
And he seemed to stay, a word to say,
Ere on to the zenith glide :—
“ Behold,” he said, “ where the ancient dead,
Of a dusky race now sleep ;
Like the clouds of morn, that in night are born,
To the West they slowly creep.”

“ Behold that glen, where the hands of men,
Cull the produce of mother earth ;
And see those hills, of the sparkling rills,
Where your mineral wealth has birth ;
And see yon stream in the morning beam,
That rushes its course along—
Where your timber floats, while from open boats,
Comes the swell of the raftsmen’s song ! ”

“ Through yon rough defile behold the pile
Of buildings high and grand,
The watch-towers true, where the chosen few,
Keep guard on our native land :—
Behold yon spire still rising higher,
As it pierces the skies sublime—
’Tis the signal sign of a faith Divine,
That has lit up the hills of time.”

“ Behold the home where the exiles come,
And a shelter and welcome meet,
Where a store of wealth and a glow of health,
The sons of old Europe greet,—
From where thy wave doth proudly lave,
Atlantic ! the orient slopes,
To where shadows rest on Pacific’s breast,
Is a land of future hopes ! ”

From my dream I woke, 'twas no sun that spoke,
 But the genius of our land :
 And I saw our clime, thro' the waves of time,
 By eternal breezes fanned :
 And on that sod I knelt to God—
 And I pray'd to soon behold,
 The glowing bright of that morning light,
 When the gray would change to gold—
 And a day would rise o'er Canadian skies,—
 As over the Empires old ;
 And the world would hear, with attentive ear,
 The tale of our glory told !

1782-1882.

(A poem composed and delivered on the 12th January 1882, at the Victoria Hall, Quebec, by the author and dedicated to St. Patrick's Literary Institute of Quebec, 1882.)

I stood on the shore,
 Where the wild billows roar—
 'Twas a day toward the noon of the year ;
 And I bent o'er the wave,
 That did boistorously rave,
 And I heard the faint sound of a cheer.
 Thro' a century it came,
 And it still was the same—
 Tho' less strong, thro' the distance of years,
 'Twas the yell that arose
 From our forefathers' foes,
 As they heard of the first Volunteers !

Then a vision to save,
 From the depths of the wave,
 Came forth and shone over the sea ;
 It swept on the blast,
 Toward the days of the past ;
 I felt that my spirit was free
 To glance at the days,
 When a million of rays
 Shone over "Green Erin of Tears,"
 And I saw in the van,
 Of regenerate man,
 The flag of the first Volunteers !

As it gleam'd on my eye,
 I saw *Grattan* pass by,
 His forehead as bright as of yore,
 And by him there stood
 The immortal one—*Flood* ;—
 On, upward the vision did soar ;
 Methought that I knew,
 By his glance, *Molyneux*,
 And *Lucas*, the stay of our fears ;
 When in broad, grand relief,
 Past the noblest chief,—
Charlemont—of the first Volunteers.

'Twas "Dungannon that spoke,"
 From my dream I awoke,
 To see that a century had gone,
 Since Erin first knew,
 That her sons were not few,
 To strike for the fame that had flown ;
 A century has fled—
 It is now with the dead—

Yet still lives "Old Erin of Tears,"
 Let us pledge then to-night,
 That her wrong be made right,
 While we drink to the first Volunteers.

CANADA OUR COUNTRY.

From where Atlantic's billows lave
 Our country's noble, rugged shore—
 To where Pacific spreads its wave,
 Our country's banner long must soar !
 Triumphant must she ever rise,
 Her emblems spreading to the skies.

While mineral wealth her mountains fill,
 While grandly all her rivers flow,
 While noble forests clothe each hill
 And drape the valleys far below,
 While freedom on her sheds its ray,
 She'll hold her powerful western sway !

Upon her past she'll gaze with pride,
 Her monuments shall rise sublime,
 From mountain top to ocean tide,
 A blest, a powerful, happy clime,
 Our Canada must rise in might,
 Resplendent with a free-born light !

Her heroes sleep beneath her sod,
 Of many nations proud were they,
 Who knelt unto one common God,
 Although at divers shrines to pray ;
 And she will ever love each name
 That's writ upon her scroll of fame

Her present is within the hand
Of each who loves his country true ;
And traitor to his native land,
The one who cannot learn to do
As patriot should, as patriot must—
Be guardian of his country's trust.

Her future is beyond the scan
Of all devoid of prophet power ;
And, yet, within the reach of man,
The tolling of her golden hour,
When, ever powerful, ever blest,
She'll rise the mistress of the West !

Let each his duty well fulfil—
Let each his real labour know—
And Canada, despite all ill,
Will flourish, triumph, live and grow,
Until her destiny is done,
And then may set her gorgeous sun !

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

(What a pity it should ever be made desolate.)

Ours is an island home,
Fann'd by the breeze ;
Ours is a highland home,
Up 'mong the trees ;
Ours is an humble cot,
High on the hill ;
Ours is a fertile lot,
Down by the rill !

Perch'd like an eagle's nest,
High in the air,
On the rude mountain breast,
Freedom in there :
Love in a sister's grace,
Shines round the spot,
Love in a mother's face—
Beams in our cot !

Love in a brother's eye,
Bright as a star
Twinkling at eve on high—
Twinkling afar :
Love in a father's gaze—
Beaming with light—
Love in each happy phase
Makes our home bright !

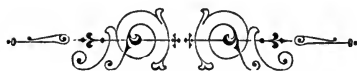
Silver the streamlets are,
Verdant the vale,
Purple the cliffs afar,
Distantly pale .
Blue is the sky above,
Bright is the sun,
Thus do our joys and love
Mingle in one !

Loud is the torrent's roar
Down from the rock ;
Loud on the ocean's shore
Billows may shock ;
Loud is the tempest blast,
Over the sky—
Calm, when its rage is past,
Calmness on high !

Soft is the summer breeze,
Sweetly it sings ;
And through the rocks and trees
Peacefully rings,
For us, the morning bell
Calling to Mass ;
Lightly o'er hill and dell,
Thither we pass !

Sweet is the mid-day chime,
Angelus notes ;
Sweeter at even time,
Measured it floats ;
Mournful the bell of death,
Loud in its toll,
Sounds with the dying breath
“ Pray for a soul ! ”

Ours is an island home,
Happy and fair :
Ours is a highland home,
None to compare ;
Hid though the scene may be,
Humble the lot,
Yet we are fond and free ;
Peace to our cot !



IRELAND AS SHE IS.

(An imitative ballad.)

THE ENQUIRY.

Is she dying ? will she die ?
Tell me—tell me, friend of hers !
Have we cause to weep or sigh ?
Is the death glare in her eye ?
Can no human aid be nigh ?
Tell me of this end of hers !

Must her pale cheek paler grow,
And the healthful air around ?
Must her life blood cease to flow ?
Is her life pulse beating low ?
Can she find no place to go,
Where some healing balm is found ?

Are her friends so cold and few,
That no helping hand is nigh ?
Shall her lovers stand to view
O'er her white brow hectic dew ?
Are they false—or are they true ?
Is the dear one grand to die ?

Has consumption's ghastly hand
Laid its icy clutch on her ?
Has a fever's burning brand,
By some breath of terror fann'd,
Or some spectre of that band,
Placed a killing touch on her ?

Or, perchance the air is chill,
 That is taking life from her ?
 Tell me—tell me of the ill !
 What is it we should fulfil ?
 And we'll do it with a will—
 To erase this strife from her !

Has her glorious beauty fled,
 And will ne'er return for her ?
 Are her hopes and feelings dead ?
 Have her joys and lovings sped ?
 Are there none her cause to wed ?
 Are there none who burn for her ?

THE ANSWER.

She is dying—ah ! to die,
 Sad it is, indeed, for her,
 Thousands then would yield a sigh—
 But too late the bootless cry—
 It would be a living lie,
 And of little need for her !

It is not consumption's power
 That is falling fast on her !
 It is not the fever's hour—
 Darker tempests seem to lower ;—
 Fading slowly, like the flower,
 Famine's breath has pass'd on her !

Would'st thou that she might arise,
 From that couch of death of hers ?

Seek beneath the stranger skies,
Where the wealth of a millions lies,
Cease not in your enterprise,
'Till you save this breath of hers !

Ask her sons on foreign strand,—
Ask of them an aid for her !—
Speak to them of native land,—
Bear to them her mild command,—
Ah ! the work is great and grand,
Thousands shall be paid for her !

Tell them of the fertile vale,
Where they loved to roam with her ;
Tell them how the poisoned gale
Swells the emigration sail,
Bearing on a piercing wail ;
Tell them of their home with her !

Then her sons will rise in might,
Sons that still have love for her ;
Showing in the Nation's sight,
How, in darkness as in light,
They can hold affections bright—
Aided from above for her !



THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

(Written for the twenty seventh anniversary celebration in Montreal—
celebrated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians.)

MICHAEL O'BRIEN, WILLIAM PHILIPPE ALLEN AND
MICHAEL LARKIN.

Like the billows of Atlantic
 Wakened from their troubled sleep,
When the dark-winged tempest
 Wildly ploughs the surface of the deep,
Like the roar of mountain torrents
 Leaping down an Alpine height ;
Like the thundering avalanches
 In all their gathered might,
Swells the multitudenous murmur,
 Growing louder and more loud,
Of a vengeance-seeking concourse,
 Of a blood-athirsting crowd ;
Pale the features, in their passion,
 Deadly hatred in each eye ;
Fierce the shout of human tigers,
 “ We are here to see them die.”

Cold and damp the foggy morning
 Of a drear November day,
As a thousand hands are lifted,
 Eager grasping for their prey ;
With the fierce scream of the condor,
 Does the mob invoke the law,

As three victims fall in anguish
 'Neath the British lion's paw ;
 " They are Irishmen—they're traitors—
 They are murderers in truth,
 Never heed their noble bearing,
 Innocence and golden youth!;
 Make their rebel race remember
 Each vibration of our cry,
 Let them feel and know this morning
 That we came to see them die."

Yes, the nation *will remember*,
 And that story will be told
 To the children of their children,
 'Till the day when men behold
 Ireland's *sunburst* on the hill-top,
 And the glory of the race
 Rising out of past oppression,
 Flashing down the future's space.
 In the autumn thousands gathered—
 And they came " to see them die";
 In the springtime, that is promised,
 Men will hear another cry,
 When the freedom that the martyrs
 Sought to plant on Ireland's sod,
 Takes its root and grows in beauty,
 A *Te Deum* unto God.

In the footsteps of Lord Edward,
 Noble Emmet and of Tone,
 'Midst the ribald shout of foemen
 Each would walk the path alone ;
 There were cheers and execrations
 From the soulless, heartless crowd,

Vengeance oaths were roundly sworn, —
 Other vengeance too was vow'd,
Calm, serenely stood the martyrs,
 In their innocence assured,
All the tantalizing demons
 For the moment were endured, —
Justice Mellor, (mark the Justice !)
 Charged by heaping lie on lie—
And the mob of thirsty bloodhounds
 Yelped in chorus, " they must die."

" Guilty," in despite of justice,
 In despite of proof most clear—
And the Court room rang for minutes
 With demoniacal cheer.
With the news of this inhuman
 Act of vengeance—raving mad,
Thousands shouted as in triumph—
 Thousand hearts were fiendish glad ;
But the gloom of deep despairing,
 Of astonishment that fell
On a million Irish patriots
 Shadowed mountain, stream and dell ;
Over all the Island, wafted on the
 Tempest, swelled the cry,—
" They are innocent 'fore heaven,
 Yet the law will have them die."

Curses loud arise in Erin,
 Blending with most fervent pray'r,
As the old and young are trembling
 'Neath the menace of despair ;
Pale have grown the cheeks of young men,
 As their inmost souls are stir'd ;

Flushed the brows of tender maidens
 When the direful news is heard ;
 And the old man, crushed with winters,
 Seems aroused to youthful life,
 As he glances, wild and feverish,
 At his heart-wrung, patriot wife ;
 From Lough Foyle unto the Shannon,
 Rings an anguish-telling cry,
 " They are innocent—God knows it—
 Yet for Ireland they must die."

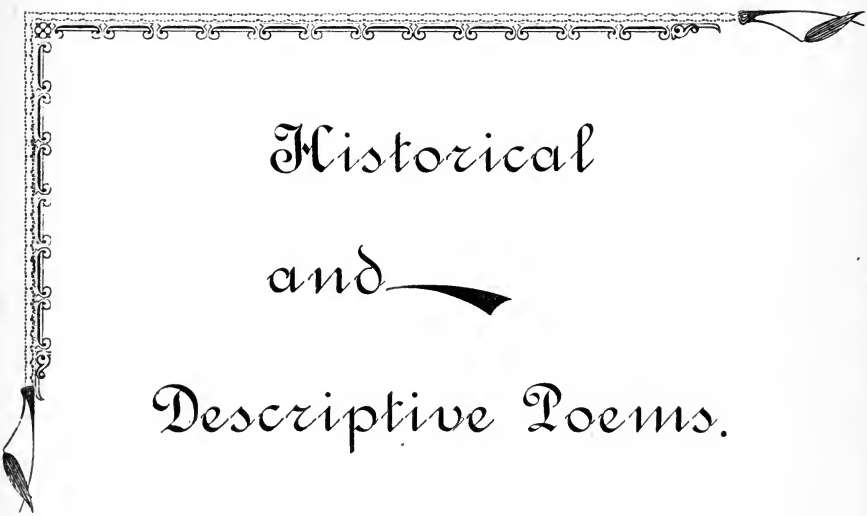
They had sworn by the Eternal,
 In whose presence they must stand,
 That their crime was mere devotion
 To their creed and native land ;
 Vain the press and all its pleading,
 Vain for mercy all appeal,
 They were helpless and the vengeance
 Of oppressors they must feel,
 " God save Ireland," cried the heroes,
 As they stood above their grave,
 " Christ have mercy"—men are tyrants—
 Christ alone is prone to save.
 Calcraft did his work of murder,
 And then rang a thundering cry ;
 " They shall live in Ireland's mem'ry,
 Though 'twas said that 'they must die'."

Allen, young and full of promise,
 Happy in his two-fold love—
 Left his Ireland and his dear one—
 For a martyr's crown above ;
 Larkin, husband, son and father,
 Bound to earth by tenderest ties,

For old Ireland's sake ascended
 To a peace beyond the skies ;
And O'Brien, stern and manly,
 He of grand, heroic mould,
Died for principle and country,—
 Let their story be re-told !
Anniversary of November—
 When the mists are on our sky,
Let us pray for Ireland's freedom,
 And the martyrs " doomed to die.'

23d Nov. 1894.





Historical
and
Descriptive Poems.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

(13TH SEPTEMBER 1759).

I.

Calm was the night ! On Levis' height
The haloed moon was gleaming ;
In airy flight the signals bright
Along the sky were streaming ;
In camp beside St. Charles' tide,
Brave Montcalm's men are sleeping :
The pickets tread—the stars o'er head,
From deepest shades are peeping.

II.

From Levis' shore the stealthy oar,
With silent stroke, is plying ;
Along the heights the beacon-lights
In fitful blaze are dying ;
The armèd band in silence land,
They stay a moment's breathing ;
The mountain's brow they're climbing now—
Their flags with glories wreathing.

III.

'Tis morning bright ! O'er Levis' height
The gorgeous sun is beaming ;
Above the crag the olden flag
Its lily folds is streaming.
From dark repose the orb arose,
His crimson pride displaying ;
The breezes fann'd an army grand,
On Abr'ham's plains arraying !

IV.

An hour is o'er ! The cannon's roar
Has broke the soldiers' slumber,
The English host, at duty's post,
Twelve thousand heroes number !
Down in the glen the Montcalm men
Have heard the muskets rattle—
Each warning loud, each of trumpet proud,
Proclaims the day of battle.

V.

In phalanx strong they rush along
To join their fellows' danger !
The hills resound with bugle sound
Of Frenchmen and of stranger.
Oh, Nation's fault ! without a halt,
The Montcalm men appearing—
Scarce draw a breath—but rush to death—
Hark to the warriors cheering !

VI.

As billows shock against the rock—
As lightning's flash at even—

As tempest loud, in misty shroud,
 Across the space of heaven—
As torrents roar from mountain hoar—
 As avalanche descending—
The sons of France, in battle's glance,
 The British lines are rending !

VII.

As mountain hoar, or craggy shore,
 With ocean's spray is blending—
As stately pine, the English line
 Before the blast is bending !
They pause a space—advance a pace—
 From rolling volumes under—
“ Fire ! Charge and fire ! ” The words expire :
 Loud peals the battle thunder !

VIII.

The live-day long saw armies strong
 For glory's crown contending ;
The smoky shrouds with heaven's clouds,
 In darksome maze are blending !
The sabres clash—the muskets flash —
 The war-horse neighs and prances—
’Till close of day, in deadly fray,
 The British host advances !

IX.

The glowing sun his course has run—
 The English hero lying
Upon the field ; beside his shield,
 Immortal Wolfe is dying !

In death's repose his eye-lids close ;
 Hark ! to a warrior shouting !
 Exultant cry :—" they fly ! they fly !"
 Oh ! what an awful routing !

X.

Cried Wolfe, " Who fly ? "—The men reply :
 " The French, vain their decision,"
 His high brow bent,—" I die content !"
 His spirit left its prison !
 And Montcalm, too, made warriors true,
 From France—may God defend her !
 His latest word, with hand on sword,
 " I see not this surrender !"

XI.

The *fleur de lys*, no longer free,
 Is fanned by breeze of heaven ;
 The British flag above the crag
 Was planted in the even !
 The day is done—the autumn sun,
 In fiery blaze is sinking ;
 Laurentine's brow is gorgeous now,
 With hundred beauties linking !

XII.

In lofty pride along the side
 Of Stadacona frowning,
 Your city grand—our native land,
 A monument is crowning !
 It tells sublime, thro' waning time,
 Of deeds of vanished glory,
 How heroes fought, the works they wrought,
 With blades in crimson gory !

XIII.

Oh ! England's fame ! Oh ! glorious name !
And one that France most cherish'd—
On marble bare are written there—
Their names and how they perish'd !
Its summit high, against the sky,—
Like sentinel defending—
Points from the sod to where with God,
Their spirits now are blending !

XIV.

Sons of a land so great and grand,
Bethink you of the story
Now shedding bright its living light
On Stadacona hoary !
Think of the day when, in the fray,
A nation's hopes were blighted ;
And in the end these peoples blend,
In firmest bonds united !

THE POET'S GRAVE.

(The author's first attempt at verse).

The muses' child has sunk to rest,
By all mankind his name is bless'd ;
His grave is in some secret spot,
Where, though no kind one shares his lot,
He rests in peace, where science weeps,
And Fancy mourns, and glory sleeps,
Where Love and Fame, in their career,
A moment stay to drop a tear.

Fair Nature too, whose praise he'd sung,
 Above his grave her beauty flung.
 The grass is green ; no foot e're trod
 Disdainingly upon that sod ;
 The willow boughs, as harps, o'er-hang,
 His *requiem* the breezes sang :
 The sun, the moon, the stars above,
 Smile down a recompense of love.

Thus by all Nature ever bless'd,
 The poet here may sink to rest :
 By man admired, by all approved,
 Lamented and forever loved ;
 A constant flood of human praise
 Upon his pathway seems to blaze,
 And Hope holds out her magic rod,
 And points him to a home with God !

“ THE MASS ON THE OCEAN.”

(It was a custom, many years ago, in the South of Ireland, when the fishing season opened, to choose a fine day and collect all the boatmen and sail out upon the wide ocean, cast anchor and have Mass celebrated by the priest of the district. “ I have seen,” says A. M. Sullivan, “ this Mass on the Ocean—upon a calm day when naught could be heard save the tinkle of the bell and the murmur of the Priest's voice ; behind us the distant hills of Bantry, before us nothing nearer than the American coast.”)

Bright the summer sun was rising
 O'er the distant eastern hills,
 From whose summits, silver-thread like,
 Danced a score of spark'ling rills ;

Bright his ray of golden splendor tipp'd
The far off mountains high,
Blue, eternal, distant mountains,
Rising upward to the sky.
Gloriously the god Aurora,
In his robes of saffron hue,
Gazes down upon an ocean
Broad, expansive, tranquil, blue ;
Not a leaf the zephyrs stiring,
Not a breeze is heard to sigh,
Not a sound, save of the skylark's
Morning anthem in the sky.

Look ! a thousand men are meeting
By the tide-lashed, sand-spread shore ;
Look ! the boats are now preparing,—
If there's one there're twenty score !
Gaily from the bows are streaming
Banners of a hundred shades,
See upon the seats are seated,
Children, matrons, smiling maids ;
There, a boat is decorated,
Far more gaily than the rest.
At its prow a priest is standing,
In his priestly garments dress'd ;
Hark ! the signal now is given—
Bend each good man to his oar ;
Now the fleet is slowly moving
From the lately crowded shore.

On and on they row the wherries,
'Till like sea-gulls far away,
Every sail appears a pinion
Glistening in the morning ray ;

Now they cast two hundred anchors,—
 Not a breath the blue wave curl'd,
 Now four hundred oars are lifted
 And two hundred sails are furl'd ;
 Now the priest ascends the altar,
 And in solemn tones and slow,
 Says the *Introit*, and the listeners
 Answer him in accents low ;
 Now the *Gospel*, now the *Preface*,
 Now the *Consecration* word ;
 On the distant shore the tinkling
 Of the little bell is heard.

Now *Communion*, now the *Blessing*,
 'Midst a silence of the dead ;
 Now once more the bell is ringing,
 And the holy Mass is said.
 All is over, and the blessings
 Of Almighty God are showered
 On the faithful, noble toilers—
 With new strength are they empowered.
 Back across the mirror waters,
 See the wherries flying now ;
 Exultation in each eye-glance—
 Hope and faith upon each brow !
 In the days now past and vanished,
 In those days that now have fled,
 Thus upon a summer morning
 Were the " Ocean Masses " said !

God be with those days now olden !
 God be with those times of love,
 When the sons of Erin ever
 Asked all blessings from above !

When the Faith St-Patrick planted,
 After years of holy toil,
Flourished, fairest flower of Erin,
 On her green and sacred soil !
Sons of Ireland love to cherish
 Recollections of the times,
When the voice of God, all over,
 Called them in the Church's chimes !
They are gone, those days have vanished,
 And they're numbered with the dead ;
God be with those days, now olden,
 When the " Ocean Mass " was said !

THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(AIR : Believe me if all those endearing young charms.)

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height—
 As the red sun of Autumn was low,
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,
 Where the waves of the Ottawa flow :
And the glance of his eye, as he gazed on the sky,
 Was as dark as the cloud in the West,
For he stood by the wave that does silently lave
 The spot where his forefathers rest !

He gazed for a time on the home of his youth,
 On the scene of his long vanish'd joy—
But he wept not a tear, for the stoic of truth,
 Could not stoop to the grief of a boy ; —

But his heart did out swell as his longing eyes dwell
Where his campfire was burning before,
And he thought of his home, where he freely did roam,
'Long the rocks of the Ottawa shore.

The campfire is dead on the side of the hill,
The wigwam no longer is seen—
Yet the Chief of the Ottawa's lingering still,
'Round the spot where the wigwam had been :
He tells all his woes to the God of his foes,
Ere he turns from the scene of his pride,—
One last loving look at his homestead he took,
His home by the Ottawa tide.

The Chief of Ottawa long since has gone
To seek from his troubles a rest ;
He has left for the region where brilliantly shone,
At evening, the sun in the West.
He stay'd not to weep where his forefathers sleep,
He dropp'd not a tear on their grave,
But sadly he fled from the honor'd and dead,
That sleep by the Ottawa's wave.

The Chief of Ottawa now is no more ;
Where the council-fire blazed on the height,
To-day toward the heavens sublimely soar
The signals of Canada's might !
When the evening is still, on the old Barrack-hill,
Towers a structure majestic and grand—
And a bright golden ray, from the god-of-day,
Gilds the monument-spire of the land !

DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY

ONE OF IRRLAND'S LIVING POETS.

(N. B.—Written in 1880. McCarthy died in 1882.)

I dreamt a dream of an olden land,
One night, 'twas long ago ;
The haunted scene was a vision grand,
And I walked at eve by the silver strand,
Where the waves of Shannon flow.

I saw, on the distant hills of Clare,
A ray of evening light,
And Scatterry's Isle was as bright and fair.
As if the troops of the Fairies there,
Were dancing away the night.

And Cratloe's hills in the farness rose,
And moonbeams lit Tirvoe :
And all around was a soft repose,
While scarce a breeze o'er the river blows,
As onward the waters flow.

Dim, grandly strange to the furthest right,
In the gloom of darksome hours,
Lay Limerick old and her ramparts white
Were pale in the rising moon-beam light,
That fell on St. Mary's towers.

I heard the bells from the tower-top toll,
As of old by Arno's stream ;
And peal after peal did grandly roll,

'Till the sounds awoke my troubled soul,
And broke my spell of dream.

I 'woke to think on the phantom scene
That stirr'd my evening rest—
To think on the place where my thoughts had been,
Away o'er the sea in the Isle of Green—
The home of the good and blest.

And I thank'd a Bard of the verdant land,
For the joy of a passing dream ;
The " Bell-Founder's " bard, whose minstrel hand
Had tuned the harp into music grand,
Like the gush of an Irish stream.

" Saint Brendan's " bard,— " Shanganagh's " child,—
The bard of the soul of fire,—
The Minstrel son of old Erin mild,
Of the " Foray of Con O'Donnell " wild,
The Bard of the Celtic lyre.

Not once nor twice, but a thousand times,
Did his song my soul inspire,
And Erin's sons, in the distant climes,
Have loved the notes and the rhythmic rhymes
Of McCarthy's silver lyre.

With Davis, Mangan, Griffin, Moore,
On Erin's scroll of fame,
By Lee, by Shannon, Liffy, Suir,
While Erin's faith and hopes endure,
Shall live McCarthy's name !

WRECK OF THE "ASIA."

(Wrecked on "Lake Superior"—Sept. 1882, one hundred lives lost.)

A dark boat's on the lake to-night ;
A dark cloud's on the sky,—
A hundred hearts are warm and light,
A hundred hearts throb high,
The *Asia* ploughs the surging waves
Above a hundred tombless graves.

The cloud grows darker in the West,
The wave rolls higher on the lake,—
Some fifty passengers at rest,
Some fifty merry passtime make,—
And still the vessel plunges on ;
The sky is black, the stars are gone !

But hark ! afar a thunder peal,
The tocsin of their fatal hour !
The vessel heeds nor helm nor wheel,
The gathering tempests darkly lower ;
And lightning leaps along the surge,
While rings th' alarm funeral dirge !

Behold the elements, unchained,
Rush madly o'er the broad expanse !
The steamer scarce a fathom gained,
Towards death, a fathom in advance.
The banner of the storm unfurl'd,
Waved o'er the confines of the world !

Like to a simoon of the East,
Like to a demon charge from hell,
The wild tornado now increas'd,
And scoop'd the lake at every swell :
A shriek ! a prayer ! a leap for life !
'Twas thus commenced the mortal strife !

It thus commenced ; it soon was o'er,
And only two of all remain,—
The rest have sunk to rise no more ;
They nobly strove, but strove in vain !
Aye ! two alone, upon that lake,
Saw crimson morning wildly break.

'Tis past ! The *Asia* and her freight,
'Have passed as quickly as the storm ;
Sad was their awe-inspiring fate.
Fearful is dead in any form ;
But when he strikes a hundred low,
How great, how terrible the blow !

God bade His angel whet the sword
And cleave a hundred faithful down ;
The angel struck, obeyed the word,—
But in his hand a golden crown
For each he bore—a crown of light,
With God's effulgence purely bright !

Sad was the night that saw them die ;
Sad were the hearts that love them ;
Sad, and more to hear their cry,
No hope below, no hope above them ;
None, save the hope in Him above,
The Father of Eternal love !

“Peace to their souls,” a people pray !
“Rest to them now” a people cry !
Let them sleep, 'till the fiery day
Proclaims th' eternal judgment nigh !
Though resting 'neath no sacred sod,
Their souls are safe in the hands of God!

SUN-SET AT QUEBEC.

'Twas nigh the close of day,
Up 'long the hill ;
Lonely I took my way,
Silent and still ;
'Round me the breezes were—
Grand was the scene and fair—
Freely I rambled there—
Rambled at will !

Over the even sky,
Dark roll'd each cloud,
Far in the dome on high—
Mist, like a shroud ;
But as the portal bless'd,
Of the bright home of rest,
Grand in the glowing west—
Apollo proud !

And a bright pencil ray
Gilded each spire,
As sank the god-of-day ;
Higher and higher,

Over old Levis' height,
Off to my furthest right,
Houses in crimson light
Blazed as on fire !

Lofty each stately pine,
When the sun low,
Seemed like a spear to shine,
Bright in his glow ;
So on the even fair,
Pine-trees, that 'rose in air,
Caught the last dying glare,
Phœbus did throw.

And in those brilliant rays,
Luminous beams,
Grandest and purest blaze,
Every spire gleams,—
Each one reflecting bright
Flood upon flood of light ;
Oh, what a haloed sight !
Such as in dreams.

And as I stood awhile,
Fixed to the sod—
Bright o'er my face a smile ;
And as I trod,
Silently down the slope,
Widely my soul did ope
To the bright rays of hope
Coming from God !

And I bethought me then,
How, like the Sun,
That would thus shine for men,
When life is done ;

When the dark clouds of death,
At the Almighty's breath,
Scatter'd o'er spaces' width,
Rolling and dun !

And when the soul is pure,
Like to the spire,
Reflects the beamings sure,
Celestial fire ;
Raylets that never miss,
Just souls for ever kiss,
Rays of eternal bliss,
Ne'er to expire !

MUSINGS.

(Written in the woods at "Green Park," Aylmer, Que.)

In the forest old and hoary,
 'neath the elms aged and tall,
'Neath the pine trees' waving branches
 whence eternal shadows fall—
I am sitting :—'Tis the evening
 of a summer Sabbath day,
Listening to the blue birds twitter
 in the golden mellow ray—
Gazing at the nimble squirrels
 hopping 'round among the trees ;
Hearing melodies so ancient
 in the hummings of the breeze ;

Pausing, dreaming, thinking, feeling,
 scarcely knowing what I feel,
 'Till the present disappearing,
 long lost memories now reveal.

'Tis the forest old and hoary,—
 here are elms aged and grand,
 Here the mighty pine and hemlock,
 and the oak and birch-tree stand,
 Here the blue-birds gayly twitter,
 in the golden summer ray,
 Singing hymns of praise to heaven
 on this holy Sabbath day.—
 And the breezes here are humming,
 and the elm bends its head,
 While they seem to sing the *requiem*
 of the long departed dead—
 Of the dead that here for ages,
 'neath the giant monarchs sleep—
 Dead, who died perhaps unknown,
 and for whom none knew to weep!

Dusky sons and daughters dusky
 of the olden Indian race,—
 Nature's own and stern children,
 of whom now there's scarce a trace.
 Few, perchance, with spirit olden
 now we find upon the sod —
 But the race no longer liveth,
 it has gone to Nature's God—
 God of Nature, whom they worshipped,
 in their simple, humble hearts—
 For the God of Revelation,
 to each human child, imparts

The same love and same devotion
toward the Mystic Spirit Great !
'Twas Himself they called The Spirit
—and His dispensations Fate !

Ah ! I love to sit and linger,
and to think upon the times,
Long before the forest murmurs
echoed back the village chimes ;
Long before the foot of whiteman
on this glorious land was set ;
Long before the white and Indian
in the deadly conflict met ;
Long before the native heroes
bow'd before their " prophets blest " ;
Long before they struck their wigwams
turning to the glowing West ;
Long before the council-blazes
were extinguished in the wood—
When this land, so great and mighty,
was a trackless solitude !

Ah ! I love to go in spirit,
on the pinions of the breeze,
Back, back to the scenes now olden,
scenes far grander, far, than these ;
And, in fancy, through the forest,
with a dusky guide to rove,
And to drink the waters flowing
from the stream I've learned to love !
Ah ! I love to dream in quiet
on the spectre ages ghast—
And to conjure up before me
dusky spirits of the past !

Cool the summer breeze was rising,
 like the spirit of the stream,
Pure, refreshing breath of even—
 changing, haunting like a dream ;
Scene for artist's, poet's musing—
 scene for saintly visions grand,
Telling man the power and glory
 of the All-Creative Hand !

Bright affections fill the recess
 of each true and noble breast,
Shedding forth a glowing lustre,
 like the day-god in the West,
Illuming all the thoughts and feelings,
 with a radiance pure and bright,
Tender clothing grief and sorrow
 in the mantle of its night.*
But, alas ! how true the picture !
 Frail affections soon must die,
Even as the golden beauties
 in the gorgeous summer sky :
While the love that's chaste from heaven,
 tho' in death it sink away,
Like the orb at eve, it passeth
 into one eternal day.

Hope, a star is ever beaming
 o'er the youthful and the brave,
Leading onward human creatures,
 from the cradle to the grave ;—
Now it shines in halo'd beauty,
 now it sinks in tempests dark,
Now it twinkles in the azure,
 now it fades a dying spark.

*Like the "night of a candle" that black space encased in flame. J K.F.

Ah! the *hopes* that fly before us
 earthly tinctures ever share,
Fickle, weak and disappearing,
 like the marsh-light's lurid glare ;
While the hope that God has given,
 though it dies away in gloom,
As the sun, 'twill rise in glory,
 from the darkness of the tomb.

Life is but a day of sorrow,
 though its choicest beauties blend,
All its splendors, all its lurings,
 toward the coming evening tend,
Though the morn be rich and radiant,
 though the noon be warm and bright,
Yet the hours are swiftly moving
 toward the darkning shades of night ;
Let the day be traced by Duty's
 all-enchanting, magic wand,
And the evening's lingering charms
 by Devotion's sacred hand ;
Let the close be calm and holy—
 and its sun will sink to rest,
Passing through the ivory portals
 to " the mansions of the Blest."

Fleeting phantom, bright illusion,
 gleaming ever on our way,
Fiery pillar in the night time,
 cloud of splendor in the day,
Followed through the sandy desert
 of this vexed and troubled life,
Pointing out some land of promise—
 guiding onward in the strife—

Earthly *Bliss*, that man is seeking,
 chasing on from hour to hour,
 Sought by nations, generations,
 sought in beauty, wealth and power ;
 Vain and feeble, vague, deceiving,
 pale delusions inter-roll,—
 Why not seek the *bliss* of Heaven ?
 Bliss eternal of the soul !

Gone the splendid sun of summer,
 lost behind Laurentian hills,
 Deep and deeper fall the shadows
 on the mountains and the rills,
 Day and night are blending slowly
 in the twilight cold and gray,
 Sad, oppressive, mournful feelings
 —all invite us now to pray :—
 “ Lord Eternal in Thy temple,
 ’neath its azure dome we kneel,
 All Thy power, and grace, and glory
 o’er our wandering senses steal,
 Day is passing, night is nearing—
 may our eve be free from gloom—
 Like the summer sun, in glory,
 may we rise beyond the tomb !”

TWO CARNIVALS.

(*The Roman and the Canadian.*)

When Dickens wrote Italian scenes,
 And pictured Rome in lines of light,
 As ruined grandeur intervenes
 ’Twixt squalid streets and glories bright,—

The Colosseum's mighty strength,
St. Peter's stately, lordly dome,
Arise in contrast, till, at length,
We see all monumental Rome !

He leaves the ruins to decay,
The Forum's pillars fade a while,
The relics by the Appian Way,
The Pantheon's antiquated pile ;
All disappear, the scene is new—
King Carnival, in costume strides,
And on that wizard page we view
How masquerade in splendor glides.

Along the Corso sweeps the mass
Of hooded revellers, and there,
Across the yellow Tiber pass
A pageant's flash with noise and glare.
Adown the bridge St. Angelo,
Beyond the Palatine they rise,
On the Piazza Popollo,
Where modern palaces surprise ;—

Come masks and dominos, and din,
And equipages, four abreast,
Sweet flowers without, *bon-bons* within,
And steeds in endless garlands dressed.
And noise from hundred instruments,
Midst clatter, shouts and wildest glee,
Fantastic females, goblin gents,
And hideous monsters, all we see.

The sun on broad Campagna sets,
Ten thousand rockets hiss in air,
A fiery column here begets
A palace built of prisms there,

The pyrotechnic scenes unroll'd
Beyond Arabian visions bright,
When Lent's great bell is slowly toll'd,
And all the splendors fade in night.

Not so our own Canadian scene !
No sweet Italian zephyrs bland ;
A shroud of white on fields of green,
The Ice-King reigns o'er all the land.
But blue and deep Canadian sky,
And crystal splendors 'round us glow
The Boreal-god, in accents high,
Proclaims the Carnival of Snow !

One hundred feet of carved ice,
The stately tower and walls appear,
With motto, flags and quaint device,
The wintry palace-columns rear.
From lordly roof the stalactites,
Pure icicles, like prisms seem :
And from below the stalagmites,
In bright electric-glories gleam.

Behold the fiery palace now,
In floods of light of rainbow hue ;
Within the masked skaters bow,
And, dancing, glide in grand review.
Then music in "voluptuous swell,"
Lends life to every changing scene ;
The clash of timbrel, sound of bell,
And roars of laughter intervene !

Then clad in deerskin mocassins,
With blanket coats and tuques of blue,
On snowshoe tramps, tobogganings,
The lads their divers sports pursue ;

Around the Mountain, Indian file,
 Or down the inclined plane they glide ;
 'Midst frost and snow, and ice they smile
 On Winter's northern blizzard pride !

The curlers to the rink repair,
 With brooms and stones to push their game ;
 Electric lanterns brightly flare,—
 Without the streets are all aflame !
 Talk not of Carnivals in Rome,
 Or in that mellow Southern clime ;
 Give us our Carnival at home—
 Our glorious air, our winter time !

And thousands flock that dream to see ;
 Kaleidescopic splendors crowd
 Upon the senses gloriously ;
 The mirth is rich, and rare, and loud.
 The Roman Carnival ascends,
 Like rocket, in a flash of light,
 Then 'midst confusion, soon descends,
 And fades in penitential night ;
 And, like its icy palace, ours
 Is brilliant for a glowing space,
 Then warmer suns and April showers,
 All relics of its pride efface.

CHRISTMAS IN A SHANTY.

(*On the Black River, 1883.*)

Afar from the pleasures, the unions of home,
 In the woods of the North we unite ;
 To us as to them old Christmas has come.
 O'er the earth 'tis the glorious night

When in Bethlehem afar Salvation's red star
O'er Divinity's cradle once shone :
And here in the wood, 'midst a vast solitude—
A Christmas has come and has gone.

'Round the fire of the shanty collected we are,
Far away from the scenes that we love ;
But for us, as for them, shines that Orient star,
Reflecting the rays from above.
From the East to the West, a sign of the Blest,
From the South to the woods of the North,
The beams of the Sun, that on Calvary shone,
Like the heralds of Heaven went forth.

In the temples to-night they are chanting the Mass,
Redemption's grand sacrifice o'er ;
The Acolytes round the lit Altar now pass,
While hymns to the heavens up-soar :
The midnight bells ring, the censers all swing,
As the God of Creation descends,
And the hymning sublime, that since ages of time,
Floated down, with the choristers blends.

In this temple of Nature, 'neath its glorious dome,
Its pillars the tall forest pines,
We hear the Grand Mass that is chanted in Rome,
In the land of the myrtle and vines :
The stars are our light, in the depths of the night,
The moon is our Host placed on high,
And the wind o'er the hill, now so solemn and shrill
Is our hymn that ascends to the sky.

Thus united in soul with the world we have left,
With them we can raise a grand prayer,
Tho' of homesteads and altars a moment bereft,
Yet in spirit with them we are there.

Let us sing the old song that, through ages along,
 Was chanted o'er every sod—
 And pray that some day be united we may,
 At Christmas, in heaven, with God !

THE HERMIT.

I.

'Twas eve as I climbed the dark crags of a mountain,
 The shadows fell deep as I scrambled along,
 At times I would halt by the rim of a fountain—
 And list to the nightingale singing a song ;
 My way grew more rough as I upward ascended,
 With the far distant clouds the summit had blended,
 The eagle's wild screech from his eyrie descended,
 And far did the echo the shrill-notes prolong !

II.

Away in the distance a light seemed to twinkle,
 It shone for a moment, and then it was gone ;
 On the mountain the night shadows formed a wrinkle,
 Those shadows fell deeper—I felt me alone ;
 But still I toiled onward and still I drew nigher,
 Along the dread cliffs I went higher and higher,
 At last, as I rounded a black crag—the fire,
 By the hand of a hermit trimm'd, over me shone.

III.

And close by the side of his humble fire, praying,
 The hermit was wrapp'd in communion with God.
 His beads and his vesper prayer low he was saying ;
 All breathless I list and all silent I trod.

I felt, as along through that hollow pass gliding,
 Behind each projection in wonderment hiding,
 That now I had reach'd where a saint was abiding,
 And piously knelt on the sanctified sod !

IV.

I stood in the shade of a sycamore bending,
 'Till the old man had finish'd his long, fervent prayer,
 The moon o'er the top of a mountain ascending,
 Gazed down from her silver throne wonderous fair.
 Then out from the shade of the aged tree standing ;
 (The old man some food to a pet fawn was handing,)
 When he started at hearing a stranger demanding
 Permission to rest him the evening there.

V.

" Kind father," I said, " Oh, forgive this intrusion,
 In truth I'm a wanderer faint and astray ;
 Your fire I first thought was an optic delusion,
 Appearing at eve on my mountainous way ;
 But drawing still nearer, I saw it was real,
 All thankful to God for this haven I feel—
 As round you gray crag I slowly did steal,
 I stay'd for a moment to list to you pray."

* * * * *

VI.

The night pass'd away and day light appearing,
 Revealed to my sight the hermit nigh déad—
 In the distance the pet fawn was cautiously nearing
 The spot, where at morn by the old man she 's fed.
 And as by his couch I was kneeling and sighing,
 And knew, for the hermit, time swiftly was flying,
 He spoke a short prayer,—'twas all,—he was dying,
 A moment pass'd on and his spirit had fled !

Let our hymn of praise resound,
 All creation round and round,
 'Till an echo it has found
 There on high ;
 With the eagle's stately flight,
 Rising in his kingly might,
 In the azure out of sight—
 Let us vie !

II.

Far above this dreary sod,
 By frail mortals ever trod,
 Let our souls arise to God ;
 And in praise,
 Let us view the wonders grand,
 Works of His Almighty Hand,
 By whose sole and dread command,
 Worlds can raise !
 See yon sun in splendor bright,
 Source of never-failing light,—
 Lost the shades of dismal night
 In its blaze ;
 Thus the clouds of sin must fly,
 When through the eternal sky,
Justice's Sun appears on high,
 In His rays !

III.

See yon stars that twinkle bright,
 In the azure dome of night,
 Shedding forth a mellow light,
 In each beam !

Seven hues are blending bright,
Seven form each ray of light,
Seven times to human sight
 Is it fair !
Thus the ray that comes from high,—
From the mansions of the sky,
Falls upon the clouds that lie
 On our air ;
In the prism of the heart,
Decomposed, that ray will part,
And in Seven Gifts will start
 Rainbows there !

VI.

See yon stream that leaps along,
Singing to the woods its song,
Blending now in current strong
 To the sea,—
Thus the tide of life now flows—
Not one moment of repose—
Rushing onward to its close—
 To be free !
First the stream is limpid bright,
Ever silvery to the sight,
Then it blends into the might
 Of the sea,
Thus each life, from day to day,
Seems to ever roll away,
Towards thy portals dim and gray,
 Eternity !

BATTLE OF STONE-RIVER,

OR MUSFRESEORO'.

(31st December 1862.

The last sun of the old year,
 in the East was soon to rise ;
The earth was clad in virgin white,
 • no cloud was on the skies.
The Rebel army, led by Bragg,
 like early dawn, in gray,
Beyond the Nashville turnpike road,
 their Southern flags display.
Rosecrans awaits the coming dawn,
 to move his legions on ;
To where McCook is on the right
 the last command has gone ;
“ Jeff Davis is to hold the flank,
 with Sheridan’s men to aid,”
To break up Hardie’s rebel left,
 —McCowan’s famed brigade.
The first loud boom upon the air
 tells of “ the day begun,”
Bragg waited not, to strike the blow,
 the rising of the sun,—
But in the twilight of the dawn,
 from out the thickets rush’d
The tide of Hardie’s matchless corps,
 —McCook was almost crush’d—
So sudden was the fierce attack.
 Cleburne with four brigades,

Cheatham's squad, McCown's front,
flash'd high their crimson blades :
Like when a mighty whirlwind
bends low the stately pines,
Before the Southern hurricane
bent all those manly lines !

The Federal left met Breck'nridge's right
—the centre Polk's brigade,
More equal strife, more desperate war,
with Wood and Ring were made.
Ere noon our shattered right was lost,
they vainly strove to form ;
On came the Southern, rank on rank,
like billows in a storm.
The day was lost ! To win it back,
to check the lava-tide,
That swept our front, that scorched our flank,
that swell'd on every side,
Required a cool, yet desperate head—
a man to do and dare,
The day tho' lost might still be won—
for see, Rosecrans is there.

'Tis true that Rousseau acted well ;
Van Cleve did all man could ;
'Tis true that Palmer held his own,
as Thomas and as Wood ;
But still the day was lost to them,—
Rosecrans must win it back,
Stay flight—reform—advance anew
in headlong fierce attack.
The Rebels paus'd in dumb surprise,
to meet that mad advance—

The tide had changed, its sudden ebb
 Bragg noticed at a glance.
 The blood-stained snow so white, so pure,
 before the sun arose,
 Told fearful tale of strife, of pain,
 of death and death's repose !

By Rosecrans' side rode Garesché,
 his friend and comrade true—
 A Rebel shell, at random fired,
 the latter general slew.
 " I'm very sorry," Rosecrans said,
 " No help is for it now—
 Push on my men ! " A cool command—
 yet grief was on his brow.
 " McCook is dead," a soldier cried—
 " Cant help what has been done,
 Push on," cried he—" Van Cleve advance !
 This battle must be won !"
 And won it was : the sun went down
 on many a gory bed,—
 The old year looked its last cold look
 on dying and on dead !

The first sun of the New Year
 on the Orient sky was bright,
 And the crimson field of carnage
 was sparkling in its light,—
 The Rebel hopes were buried
 in the Old Year's chilly grave,
 O'er the cradle of the New Year
 the Union flag did wave.
 For the brave that sleep in glory
 were shed a Nation's tears,—

For the victors in the conflict
 rang loud a Nation's cheers,—
 Another link was welded
 in the Union's shattered chain,—
 Another star was blazoned
 on its banner's striped plane !

Like the Old Year that has perished,
 let divisions sink for aye !
 Be the future one and brilliant
 like the dawn of New Year's Day !
 And 'midst tales of war recounted,
 deeds of glory, deeds of fame,
 Let us not forget to mention
 Rosecrans' ever cherished name !
 By the words he spoke undaunted,
 "*This battle must be won !*"
 By the memory of our heroes,
 from Grant to Washington ;
 By the graves that dot the country
 East and West, from South to North,
 Let us vow to guard that Union
 by our deeds of noble worth !

A REVERIE.

Ah ! my heart is growing weary,
 And my life is growing dreary,
 Nothing hopeful, nothing cheery,
 All is dull, and dark, and sad ;
 The Past is reed-like broken,

The Present has no token —
 Not a single word is spoken
 That is joyous, peaceful, glad —
 Neither good, nor bad !

Few the years that I can number ;
 Yet how oft, in opiate slumber,
 Horrors stygian did encumber
 Brain and heart, and soul, and mind !
 Men are living, men are dying,
 With each other men are vying,
 In the works that still are crying
 For the wrathful whirlwind
 Of God's vengeance on mankind !

Evil every spirit's saying ;
 None are hoping, none are praying,
 Hatred every love repaying.
 Nature's bloom is on the sod,—
 But the Creature, noblest being,
 Image of the Great All-seeing,
 Towards the shrine of death is fleeing,—
 Sad the way that men have trod—
 Far from virtue and from God !

But the other eve, when sleeping,
 To my bedside saw I creeping,
 Half in laughter, half in weeping,
 The hysteric phantom Sin !
 Ghastly, ghostly was the creature,
 Dull in garment, black in feature,
 Awful, awe-inspiring teacher
 With its skeleton-like grin,
 As it slowly sauntered in.

And the very air was sighing,
Like some being lowly crying
O'er the couch of some one dying,
 Deep in agony and woe.
And the sky was grim and sombre,
As this strange and horrid *ombre*,
From its darksome cave did roam there,
In and out, and to and fro—
 Unwilling from my sight to go !

Now its horrid breath I'm feeling,
And its hellish eyes are stealing
Glances that have set a-reeling
 Brain and mind, and soul, and heart ;
In the horror and the terror,
Now I recognize my error—
And I pray a prayer of terror,
As I see the monster start—
 And 'midst curses deep depart !

Then I wake, and in awaking,
Bright the orient dawn is breaking—
And the little birds are making
 Melody on bush and tree ;
Anthems are the warblers singing,
Nature with that hymn is ringing,
While the gorgeous sun is flinging
Rays of glory on the lea—
 Oh ! my soul again is free

THE VALLEY OF WOE.
—

I walked one eve in the vale of woe,
Where streams of pain and sadness flow,
Through woods of cypress trees that grow,
Where no mornings light, no noon-tides glow—
I walked one eve down the vale of woe !

The strength of nations was shattered there ;
Earth's glory changed, no longer fair ;
Life's ghastly skeleton did stare,
And naught was bright, save the spirit PRAYER,
That knelt in that lonely valley there !

My span of life I scann'd with sighs,
Its darksome visions 'round arise,
With sin and care before mine eyes,
In vain I looked to the distant skies—
My joy had fled, I lived in sighs !

I had in my life FAITH'S precious boon ;
My day of death came on full soon ;
I scarce had reach'd life's joyous noon,
Till fading off, like the dying moon,
I bowed to fate with Faith's sacred boon !

I was fill'd with HOPE in my boyhood's days ;
I kept that Hope through the darksome maze
Of this vale of woe, where no song of praise
E'er sheds o'er the soul its brilliant rays—
I kept the Hope of my boyhood's days !

“ And, who in yon cottage, perchance, might abide—
I mean the white cot on the distant hill-side ? ”

“ ’Tis the one,” was his answer, “ who should own every spot
Of a land that’s now destined to waste and to rot,
He was poor—and God help him !—this lord came the way.”
And he chok’d in his answer—no more could he say !

“ And what is yon tower that is crowning the hill—
’Tis strange how it stands through the centuries still ? ”

“ Yon tower’s where our fathers defended the land—
Ere it fell ’neath the grasp of this lord and his band—
Ah ! yon tower is a relic—God bless it I say ! ”
And he seemed to recall some more fortunate day.

“ And tell me, I pray thee, yon Abbey I see—
What relic is that of the glorious and free ? ”

“ Yon Abbey ” he said, “ was the home of the blest,
That now ’neath its ruins in quiet find rest ;
Yon Abbey, that stands on our green native sod,—
Is the shrine where our fathers did pray to our God ! ”

I asked him no more and he went on his way ;
’Twas then nigh the close of a bright autumn day ;
I strode towards the mansion and knocked at the door,
And was answered, “ No alms, sir, for idlers and poor—
Go on sir ! go on ! we’re aware of your kind—
Think you with your begging that people are blind ! ”

Then I turned from the door-way and entered the cot.
Oh ! that night with the poor man can ne’er be forgot.
I had bed, I had food, I had blessings and prayers,
And I thought if there’s virtue it surely is their’s.
And I felt it was true, ere a mansion was seen—
How twice bless’d was a home in the Island of Green !

HAVE YOU SEEN ?

(Written in answer to the question : What is there in Canada that is the same as we have in Ireland? Give me an idea of your country.)

Have you seen the round sun
on the mountain of Clara?
Have you seen his bright rays
on the hills of Ivarah?
Have you seen him at morn
o'er Ben-Heber ascending?
Have you seen him when far
in the West he's descending?
Have you seen him at noon
on the high Galtees shining,
As the blue cloudy wreaths
are with purple combining?
Have you seen his rays fall
on your rills and your fountains?
'Tis thus brightly he shines
on our hills and our mountains.

Have you seen the pale moon
on a summer eve gleaming,
Where the Shannon's soft waves
are 'round Scatterry streaming?
Thro' the old Muckcross-hall
have you seen her light glancing?
Have you seen it, at eve,
when the fairies are dancing
'Round the Moat of Knockgraffon,
by Anner's fair water?

Have you seen her look down
 on your red fields of slaughter?
Have you seen her beams light
 your pure shrines of devotion?
Thus pale, bright and haloed
 she shines o'er the ocean!

Have you heard the wind moan
 through the shrines of the Gueber,
'Neath whose shade once of old
 flash'd the bright Celtic sabre?
Have you heard the wild notes
 of the Banshee at even?
Have you heard the trees sigh
 to the breezes of heaven?
Have you heard the loud blast,
 when the tempest is crashing,
When the waves on Tramore,
 in mad fury, are dashing?
'Round your own native Isle
 have you heard the winds singing?
'Tis thus through our forests
 their loud music is ringing!

Have you seen the green robe
 that kind Nature has given
To the Isle of the West—
 fairest land beneath heaven?
Have you seen the blue dome
 high suspended above her?
Have you seen the proud glance
 of the children that love her?
Have you marked all the gifts,
 all the beauties that bless'd her?

Or the spirit that 'rose when
 the foe would molest her?
 Those beauties, that spirit all united arising—
 The gaze of the Exile are with splendor surprising!

Have you read of fair Erin
 the once brilliant story?
 Like her, we have hope,
 we have joy, we have glory!
 Have you heard of her ages
 of sorrow and weeping?
 But to us, in this land,
 no such harvest for reaping!
 Have you heard of her rights
 that her sons were defending?
 Those rights, on our soil,
 in sweet concord are blending!
 Of your own native Isle
 you have heard of the sorrow—
Yours was dark as the night—
 ours is bright as the morrow!

THE EXILE'S VISION.

(Written at the request of an Irish Exile)

Once I sat me down to ponder,
 As my spirit, fond and fonder,
 From my exile home did wander
 Far away across the sea:

And the disappearing Real,
 Blended with the bright Ideal,
 'Till I thought that I could see all
 The scenes once dear to me.

Now beside the Suir I'm straying,
 Or at Holy Cross am praying,
 Or, with Walter Scott, am saying,
 As I linger on the while :
 "Oh! what beauty and what glory,
 In each legend and each story,
 Told about the vision hoary,
 Of old Cashel's sainted pile ! "

Or at Connamarra weeping,
 As the placid moon is creeping,
 'Neath the clouds that now are sweeping
 O'er the solemn midnight sky ;
 Or upon Mount Nephin gazing,
 When the winds are softly raising,
 And the golden orb is blazing,
 As the day is drawing nigh !

And while still my tears are drying,
 And my glorious vision dying,
 Far beneath me I see lying
 Old Galway's ancient town :
 Then the panorama shifting,
 While my weary eye I'm lifting,
 On Dunseverick is drifting,
 And the Red Hand's wild renown !

Once again I'm gazing sadly,
 As the winds are raving madly,
 Where the pious peasant gladly
 Shows the Cross of Monasterboise ;

Or again I hear the crying
Of the spirit band, that's sighing,
O'er O'Connor slowly dying,
 In Holy Clonmacnoice !

In my spirit high and higher,
Burns a flame—a patriot fire,
As I feel me drawing nigher
 To old Limerick's wall ;
But my poor soul now is grieving,
And my vision here is leaving,
Ah ! in truth I am believing,
 That I hear a spirit's call !

“ Come to Dublin,” 'tis telling,
“ Where each monument and dwelling—
All the beauties are excelling
 Of the Island of the Blest ! ”
Yes, to Dublin I'm hieing,
On the spirit wings am flying,
While my guardian fay is crying ;
 “ Here, indeed, is peace and rest ! ”

But in vain my strength I squander,
And in vain I further wander,
'Round the scenes that I love fonder
 Than the fairest fairy hill ;
Now the light is on me breaking,
And my vision scene is shaking,
Ah ! 'tis true I am awaking
 And I am an Exile still !

Cromwellian soldiers, fierce and strong,
 Their halt for rest they now prolong :
 They gaze upon the soil they wrong,
 Those sons of war !
 The "Honey Vale"—so richly grand—
 Spreads out ; the leader of the band,
 Cries : " Men ! oh men ! Behold a land
 Worth fighting for !"

A TRUE REFUGE.

Of a refuge they tell, for the sinners that fell
 Deep down in the depths of crime,
 Where the fallen ones dwell, safe from vice and hell,
 Should they choose, 'till the end of time.
 But the refuge for all, who have fallen or fall,
 (Ah ! credulity do not start !)
 Is the mantelling shawl of the sad, dark pall,
 That hangs o'er a mother's heart !

Yes, the mother's heart is the only part
 Of the world to find relief ;
 'Tis the glorious goal for the son's sad soul,
 When that son has caused her grief.
 'Twill ever ope to a beam of hope,
 To the prayer of the one that's lost :
 She would ever brave the grave to save
 The son on the world that's toss'd !

When the God of might, in the crimson light
 Of His saving blood hung high,

A glance He cast, and He looked His last
 On His Mother before to die;
 Through that Mother now unto Him we bow,
 Thro' her we receive His grace ;
 Yes the God of Love, from His throne above,
 Is seen through His Mother's face !

In the mother's breast is a feeling blest,
 For her son, be he good or wild,—
 That is only just, for a mother must
 Cling fast to her own, own child !
 From the dawn of life to the close of strife,
 THE REFUGE for all must be,
 In the inmost part of a mother's heart—
Here, or in Eternity !

MOONLIGHT.

“ What earthly temple such a roof can boast !
 What flickering lamp with the rich star-light vies,
 When the round moon rests, like a sacred Host,
 Upon the azure altar of the skies ? ”

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

Calm is the eve, the sun has sunk to rest,
 Scarce now a pencil gilds the distant West ;
 Far to the North, along the mountain side,
 A few disjointed, wandering cloudlets glide ;
 Off to the East a darker shade is cast,
 The wooded hills from view are fading fast ;
 While here and there, from out the shadows deep,
 At intervals the constellations peep !

An hour has pass'd ! nor left a single ray
To tell the tale that scarce has gone the day,
And as the clouds, along the northern sky,
Divide at times, the shepherd might espy
The polar star, the guider through the night !
And now behold, full many a satellite,
To North, to South, to West how grand to see,
From pole to pole, the bright'ning galaxy

Another hour ! and now a silver tinge
Far in the East illumes the cloudlet's fringe !
A mellow flood of softening light is seen,
When there, from-out her soft and silvery sheen,
The beauteous moon, the mistress of the night,
Appearing, sheds upon the world her light.
Large, round and red she hangs upon the skies,
As tho' she dreads, or vainly seeks to rise.

And still an hour ! where countless planets roam,
Behold her now, high in her azure dome,
Advancing still, of night the stately queen ;
In silver floods the rolling orb is seen.
Suspended, high in glorious royal state,
Upon a throne of primeval date,
In haloed pride, in seas of living light,
Sublime to view the gorgeous Queen of night !

But now along the azure-tinted dome,
A thousand shades in rolling volumes come ;
And clouds on clouds, in fleecy softness roll,
'Till darkness spreads and shrouds from pole to pole.
The countless stars from out the sky we miss,
They hide themselves within the dark abyss ;
But still, despite those darksome shades of night,
We catch, at times, a glimpse of Luna's light.

But be the sky all pure, serene and grand,
With planets, stars and galaxy full spanned ;
Or be that sky all darkly over-cast,
Or storms rage, or howls the furious blast,
At evening calm, at midnight's dreaded hour,
In cloudless time, or during midnight shower,
Whene'er that moon, the glorious Queen of night,
Appears on high, the scene is grandly bright.

'Tis summer now, the stars are in the sky,
Upon the field the lengthening shadows lie ;
The rising breeze is humming low its dirge,
The moon is hanging on the Eastern verge—
'Tis thus I love, beneath her silver ray,
Through meadow's gloom to take my pensive way,
And as the dew is damp upon the sod,
To let my soul ascend to nature's God !

'Tis winter night ! white is the drifting snow,
And o'er the plain the northern blizzards blow ;
Along the dome the changing vapors fly,
White is the earth and gray the broken sky ;
When, mark the scene ! The rolling cloud divides,
And Luna fair from out the shadow glides ;
The earth is changed, the snow so pure, so white,
Beneath her beam, is dazzling with delight.

Blow, north blast, blow ! Roll on, you dark clouds, roll !
Drift, pure snow, drift ! you cannot chill the soul !
Howl, fierce wolf, howl ! 'till from the mountain rock,
You hear your cry resound with dying mock :
Chill though the blast, though piercing cold the air,
I love the night for yon bright moon is there.
How grand 'tis now to let one's thoughts arise,
Oh, halo'd orb ! and pierce beyond the skies.

Upon the tree the autumn leaf is sear ;
 Red, yellow, green they change. How drear
 To stray at eve along the withered grass,
 And hear the moans of autumn winds that pass :
 The song-birds fled, all nature dying fast ;
 The summer's heat and summer's joys are pass'd.
 But autumn, too, has something grand, sublime :
 It tells a tale of death, of age, of time.

'Tis now the chill, the season drear and cold,
 The time when sad and ghostly thoughts unfold,
 'Tis now a time for pensive natures meet,
 The proper time the sober sense to greet.
 Then go to-night and let your foot-steps stray
 To sorrow's home, some graveyard cold and gray,
 And there, beneath the pale moon's silver beam,
 Stand, gaze and think and tell me of your dream !

I sing no more ; I've brought my meed of praise
 To heaven's fair orb of bright, pure, silver rays ;
 At summer's eve when heaven's expanse is fair ;
 At summer's eve when cloudlets charge the air ;
 On winter night when cold the howling blast ;
 On autumn night when nature's life is pass'd ;
 At every hour, in every age and clime,
 Round orb of light, you've rolled and roll sublime !

FALSE AFFECTIONS.

As the cold blast of winter, at evening doth blow,
 And the pale moon illumines the bright spangled snow,
 And the angel of night spreads his wings on the vale,
 And the harps of Æolus are loud in their wail,

The tired traveller stays for the evening to rest,
Where the cold bitter blasts his repositings molest,
His camp fire he lights on the side of steep,
And wrapped in his blanket he sinks down to sleep.

Through the night as the firelight is glimmering low,
He arises and strengthens its flame to a glow,
In the East when the morning beams struggle in view,
The traveller awakes for his journey anew.
More fagots he heaps on the fire of the eve,
To refresh and re-warm on taking his leave ;
Repose of the night, like its shadows, has, pass'd,
And the traveller starts on his journey at last !

He is gone, and the fire that he lit on the hill,
Is burning away—burning silently still ;
And an hour passes on—the fire is no more,
And we see but gray ashes where flames were before.
The snow by the noon on that cold valley fell,—
Not a trace of the camp-fire is left in the dell.
And the next, that in travelling, goes by that way,
Sees no mark of the fire that was bright yesterday.

'Tis thus with *affections* all human and vain ;
They are strong during life, as the fire of the plain.—
When the hour of departure is drawing full nigh,
The flame is lit up, as though never to die.
At times during life it may sink for awhile ;
But revives at the sign of a tear or a smile ;
We part :—and the flame that is spoken in vow,
Like the fire of the traveller, is dwindling now.

And a year rolls away ! where affections have been,
The ashes remaining alone can be seen ;
And still flies a year, as already the last,
And the snows of oblivion fall on the past ;

And the next that may pass by that fire place so bright,
 Can see not a trace of its once glowing light.—
 Thus *affections unfounded* are sure to expire,
 As once died in the woods the traveller's fire !

DOES LOVE EXIST ?

(This question being asked of the author, by a gentleman who professed to believe in no such sentiment, he made the following reply, which he subsequently wove into verse for the benefit of one very dear and now dead).

Ah ! many the eyes that are brilliant with gladness,
 And many the souls that are rich with delight,
 And many the hearts that are heavy with sadness,
 And feel the first chills of the on-coming night :
 Then Hope in its beaming and Faith in its gleaming,
 With a lustre appear, with a majesty shine,—
 But where tempests are sweeping or shadows are creeping,
 'Tis Love that awakes in a radiance sublime.

Behold by the cot where is kneeling the mother,
 A prayer now ascends o'er the sleep of her child—
 There's a flame in that heart that no sorrow can smother,
 Nor terrors most awful, nor troubles most wild.
 To Love, in its splendor, she seems to surrender
 Her being, her thoughts, all her fondest desires,
 And its rays, like the morning, when the sun is adorning
 The hills of the East, are like heavenly fires.

Then the Love of the brother, the Love of the sister,
 That flow from the fountain the purest and best ;
 The Love of the father, as fondly he kissed her,
 His daughter, that treasure wherewith he was bless'd

His tears now are falling, as her features recalling
The days of his youth and the joys that have fled—
His heart fills with pleasure, that flows without measure,
As the breath of his Love wafts him back to the dead!

Yes, many fair hours on the calm, placid ocean,
When the sky is serene and the waves are asleep,
Do we drift with the tide of our tenderest emotion,
And float, like a bird, on the breast of the deep,—
But when tempests are swelling and thunders are knelling
Their deepest toned *requiem* o'er the wild wave,
Though Hope may be sinking, or Faith may be shrinking,
Yet *Love* is still there, as an Angel to save!

Beheld you the sun as he set on last even?
What a track of deep glory he left in the West,—
There were clouds, if you will, on the confines of heaven,
Like purple flags flung o'er the couch of his rest!
Though the day was departing, the day-god was darting
His shafts o'er the hills of the Eastern world;
And though twilight was creeping and stars were out-peeping,
Yet for them were the banners of morning unfurl'd.

So when Hope like that orb, is fast disappearing,
Or pleasures, like beams of the evening, grow dim—
Or when night o'er the joys of our life is careering,
And spectres flit past us, both ghastly and grim;
Then faithful to duty, in undying beauty,
A beam flashes out in the heavens above—
'Tis the glorious token, by Prophets once spoken,
'Tis the light of the future—'tis the glad ray of Love!

There is Love in the heart that is hardest and coldest,
There is Love in the heart that is throbbing with pain,
There is Love in the one that is bravest and boldest,
There's Love in the humble, and Love in the vain.

With those who are sighing, in those who are dying,
 In those that are thoughtless, in moment of glee—
 For those who are weeping, for those who are sleeping,
 “The sleep of the tomb,” a Love there must be !

Then give me the heart, be it throbbing with gladness,
 O'er-joyed at some happiness fleeting but true,—
 Or give me the heart that is crushed into sadness,
 That comes to the *many* and not to the *few*,
 Provided Devotion can blend with emotion,
 And Love make a shrine of a corner therein,—
 For Love is a treasure that is vast beyond measure,
 A treasure that's worth half a life-time to win !

NEW-YEAR, 1883.

The old year's gone with its joys and cares ;
 The new year comes with its hopes and fears ;
 The shroud is the robe that the old year wears ;
 In baptismal *white* the new appears !
 How many thoughts the old year leaves !—
 How many hopes the new year brings !—
 For the old the heart of the aged grieves,
 While the new the song of its advent sings !

In the year that's gone there were scenes of love,
 That the year to come may not renew :
 In the old there were graces from above,
 That may not flow thro' the coming new !

There were friends we met in the year that's gone,
That we'll meet no more in the year to come ;
Their graves are dug, with the snow upon
The cold, damp roof of their future home !

There are some we loved in the dear old year,
Who shall never walk with the year we greet,—
O'er their memory now we may drop a tear,
The rest we may keep for the New-Year's feet.
There were spots on the sun of the past year old ;
Black specs of sin on our life's fair orb,—
When the tale of the year to come is told,
Will its sun be pure?—will its rays absorb

The tears we shed o'er the dead year's sin?
Shall the coming year be pure and bright?
Shall we hear no clash,—shall we hear no din ;
Shall the year to come be a day or, night?
Let us pray that the coming year may be
Devoid of the cares of the year now past—
Be a golden day—may Eternity,
O'er the coming year, no shadow cast !

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

As the twilight's gray was swallow'd
In the depths of night that follow'd,
And the hand of darkness hollow'd
Furrows deep along the land,

Distant bells in sheep-fold tinkled,
Million stars in azure twinkled,
And the southern sky was wrinkled,
Over mountain-peaks that stand,
 Like giants swarth and grand.

In the north, behold a flushing ;
Then a deep and crimson blushing ;
Follow'd by an airy rushing
Of the purple waves that rise !
As when armed host advances,
See, a silver banner dances,
And a thousand golden lances
Shimmer in the Boreal skies !
 The picture slowly dies !

Now, in bright prismatic splendor,
Comes a vision still more tender,
As a curtain white and slender
Falls across the space afar ;
Where its lacy folds are ending,
With the black of distance blending,
Are its miles of fringe descending,
Hanging from a golden bar—
 Pinned to heav'n by a star !

Like a monster rous'd from sleeping,
First to westward slowly creeping,
Then, in headlong fury, sweeping,
Rush'd a mammoth cloud of black ;
Rolling upward, plunging, lashing,
Through the fairy curtain dashing,
With a thousand beauties flashing,
O'er its phosphorescent back—
 Endless streamers in its track !

Visions of Arabian story ;
Crimson fields of battle gory ;
In kaleidoscopic glory,
Shifting, fading, restless tents ;
Fairy armies wild in motion ;
Jewell'd shrines of strange devotion ;
And a greenish, tideless ocean,
Bound by ice-clad mounts and dents,
Saw we through the curtain's rents !

Transformations still beholding,
Up the veil is swiftly folding—
And fantastic shapes are moulding
On the back ground of the sky ;
Dimmer armies are parading,—
Fainter wreaths the light is brading,
While the splendors all are fading
Into one deep purple dye,
Disappearing from the eye !

In the wondrous loom of heaven,
With the shuttle of the even,
Woof and warp of colors seven
An Almighty Hand doth weave ;—
The Aurora Borealis
Hides the glories of that palace,
Where no sin, with deadly malice,
Makes the heart and soul to grieve ;—
Think, oh, man ! and then believe !

What a mighty revelation
In the wonders of creation !
Joy and grief and expectation
Dance through nature's scenes at night !

Life is dark'ning, life is glowing,
 Pleasant zephyrs round it blowing,
 Brilliant colors through it flowing,
 Fading all when once in sight ;
 Such is life— a Northern Light !

AD BUBONEM. (TO THE "OWL.")

"The Owl" is the name of the magazine published by the Students of the College University of Ottawa—the author's *Alma Mater*.

Grim bird of the night-time, come forth from the shade,
 And list to the verse I would sing ;
 In the broad-branching tree of science you've made
 Your nest, from that lurking-place be not afraid
 To venture abroad on the wing !

In the hermitage where you have linger'd all day,
 I'm anxious to muse for awhile,
 On scenes that I knew when my bosom was gay,
 In life's early hours, as the first golden ray
 Shed over my future a smile.

Then leave me alone, for a short, thoughtful hour,
 To dream of the days that have fled ;
 My road has been strewn with many a flower,
 A garland of mem'ries I'll weave in your bower,
 To twine round the sacred and dead !

Dear Shrine of St. Joseph, as here I recall
 The days when I first trod your ground,
 The twilight of mem'ry seems darkly to fall
 On the features, the names, the voices, and all,
 To whom my affections are bound.

But that memory shall fade when it ceases to know
 The one who was father to all ;
The one from whose spirit our spirit did flow,
Who shed on our youth the soul-stirring glow
 That illumined the old College Hall.

He laid the foundation broad, solid and deep,
 And he carved out a future sublime ;
O'er his tomb there are thousands of children that weep,
Whose footsteps he guided up life's rugged steep,
 When first they attempted to climb.

On the great corner stone inscribed is his name,—
 Doctor Tabaret—our first loving friend :
His heart was aglow and his spirit aflame ;
Oh ! long may he shine in the annals of fame,
 As Father and “ Priest to the end.”

But where have they gone, all the others I knew ?
 On the billows of life some are toss'd ;
In the new stately halls there remain but a few,
While to many we've spoken the last long *adieu*,
 But their mem'ry never is lost.

From good “ Brother Cooney,” who ushered us in,
 To the highest professor, how many I saw
Pass on through the gate, from a dark world of sin,
From its joys and its woes, from its silence, its din,
 And succumb to Mortality's law !

On the field of existence some “ fight the good fight,”
 In the ranks of the noble and true ;
Some shed on professions new gleamings of light ;
Some passed from our lives as they passed from our sight,
 And those who remain are *the few*.

To these let me say, "do not lag in the race,
 Keep up the traditions we love.
 Of those that are gone you are holding the place,
 Continue the work and Divinity's grace,
 Like manna, will fall from above."

And *thou*, sage-like bird, with thy gray, sombre wing,
 Watch over that sacred old sod,
 Their labors to cheer and their triumphs to sing,
 While Science and Truth o'er the future shall fling
 The light of the blessing of God.

THAT LAST LOOK OF NAPOLEON I.

("I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant, I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when to my astonishment I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said: "Ushant? Cape Ushant?" I replied "yes Sire!" and withdrew. He then took out a pocket glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!" — "*Memoires of an Aristocrat*" by a *Midshipman of the Bellerophon*.)

At length the dread hour that his genius foretold,
 Has come, like a spell, 'twixt his fame and the tomb;
 The curtain that hangs o'er the past is uproll'd,
 And he takes a last glimpse thro' the twilight of doom!
 O'er the spec that is fading afar in the sea,
 Grand visions of glory have wheeled into sight;

The glittering of Power o'er the graves of the free,
The flashing of swords 'round the foot-stool of Might !
The Present has fled—he is now with the Past !
Enjoy thy great visions—this one is the last !

Like a star that is shot from the regions of night,
He beholds the wild flash of his meteor fame ;
It blazes an hour in the realms of light,
Then sinks to the gloom whence so lately it came.
An Island its birth-place, an Island its grave,
Its life 'midst sulphureous rollings of war ;—
Around it the noble, the wise and the brave,
Like planets, revolve 'round a central star.
That system is broken—and scattered its light ;
There is darkness to-day 'round the foot-stool of Might !

The Bavarian is swept from the tottering bridge,
The sword flashes out that is never to yield ;
The cheer of Marengo is heard on the ridge,
As the "legions" rush down to the corpse-strewn field ;
The sands of the desert are scattered in air,
The dead and the dying are heaped by the Nile,
And centuries look down, with the glance of despair,
From the dark-frowning top of the pyramid's pile !
The sun has gone down in Egypt's dark night ;
There's a trophy to lay at the foot-stool of Might !

The Powers of old Europe are marshalled again,
O'er the Village of Austerlitz rises the sun ;
Ere the evening has come they are stark on the plain,
And the field, by that hero, in glory, is won.
A year passes on—and by Olmutz' bright tents,
The armies of Europe unite for an hour ;

Over Jena their banners are scattered in rents,
And the Genius of War has affirmed his power.
Through thy aisles, Notre Dame, are the splendors of light ;
Te Deums ascent from the foot-stool of Might !

The Czar of the Russias, that despot of iron,
On a raft, receives peace from the terror of earth,
His bayonets the Bear of the snow-land environ.
In the womb of what future his glory had birth !
They bow to his word, as the trees to the blast,
They harken in fear, who are potent in war ;
He has humbled them all, from the first to the last,
And has chained their strong limbs to his thundering car.
Both Heaven and Earth are as naught in *his* sight :
Immutable seems *now* the foot-stool of Might !

That star has now reached its bright zenith of fame ;
It may flash, for a while, o'er an awe-stricken world :
But alas ! for the fuel to feed such a flame !
Soon, soon from that height must the victor be hurld.
From thy rocks Torres Vedras the knell has rung out ;
Salamanca has spoken in accents of fire :
Badajos proclaims from her craggy redoubt,
That the day of his triumph is soon to expire.
There's a gathering of clouds like the on-coming night,
There are fragments detached from the foot-stool of Might !

In the cries of the victims that fell on the field,
The moans from Vincennes' deep dungeons ascend ;
And he who could conquer, but never would yield,
Is forced for a moment in spirit to bend.
'Tis noon—it is June—'tis the day of the Lord,—
On a Belgian hill is a gorgeous review ;

Thy huts, Quatre Bras, have heard that famed word,
 That ordered the charge o'er thy squares, Waterloo.
 The last stroke has fallen ; and vanished the light.
 There are ruins and gloom 'round the foot-stool of Might !

The spec in the ocean has sunk from his view,
 He closes his field-glass and turns from the prow ;
 He has hoped his last hope, no more to renew
 The flushing of joy on his marble-like brow.
 His glory is gone, like a dream of the night,
 His name may survive in the annals of fame ;
 But shadows shall blend with the glory of light,—
 And curses, with blessings, be heaped on his name.
 Thus vanish forever the thrones of Might,
 That rest not their strength on the pillars of Right !

REV. FATHER TABARET'S STATUE

*(On the occasion of the unveiling of his statue at the University College of
 Ottawa—10th October, 1889.)*

Withdraw the veil, 'till we behold,
 Once more, those features nobly bold,
 They'll speak to us of days of old,
 And scenes we love to oft recall !
 Back toward our childhood's happy past,
 A glance of memory let us cast,
 And view those days, from first to last,
 Their mimic pains, their joys and all !

Stern that voice, we often heard,
 When from some duty we had erred,
 And to his presence were referred,
 To hear his kindly reprimand.

Tender that voice, as oft he smiled
At foolish trick of wayward child,
Or gave a warning firm, but mild,
 A fond, paternal, fixed command !

Again we see him slowly pass,
Along the hall, from class to class,
Or to the student's early Mass,
 When morning's study has been done.
We seem to see him coming down,
In that long cloak of darkish brown,
Baretta, cross and girdled gown,
 To view the play ground's boisterous fun !

And many a day can we recall,
When mustered in the lengthy hall,
And tremblingly, we one and all
 Approach'd Superior's room !
Our spokesman had his ready speech ;
But scarce the door-way could we reach,
When, in his glance, 'twas clear to each,
 That disappointment was our doom !

On other days we'd mark his smile,
And when we'd pleaded for awhile,
He'd nod assent, and forth we'd file,
 With lusty cheers and loud hurrah !
Our wish was granted, and away
We'd speed to tell the boys at play,
How we had gained a glorious day,
 And got the wished for *grand congé* !

Thus every little scene we see,
Recalled by faithful memory,
And in the centre still is he,
 The object of our childhood's love :

'Tis all a dream,—a vision vain—
He'll never walk those grounds again,
He's gone ; but we shall long retain
A thought for him with God above !

Unveil his statue ! Let it stand,
Beneath that edifice so grand—
The glorious fabric that he planned
And spent a life-time to up raise !
No greater monument could rise,
Beside the dark tomb where he lies,
To greet and tell to stranger eyes
His well-deserved meed of praise !

Grandest of creatures in God's plan,
In all creation's mighty span,
Is he, the true, the noble man—
And such good Father Tabaret was
Simple and humble as a child,
Whose innocence was ne'er defiled,—
Tender of heart—of spirit mild—
Obedient to God's holy laws !

Saintly in life—in death a saint !
Words are too feeble here to paint,
Even in hues remote and faint,
The greatness of his warm heart ;
Father to children—friend of men—
We little knew his worth till when
Death's Angel came—'twas only then
We learnt how well he did his part !

Unveil his statue ! 'twill proclaim,
The noble worth--the well-earned fame,
That Father Tabaret's cherished name
Has from his country truly won.

Those features stern, metallic, cold,
 Of loftiest type, of purest mould,
 A tale of faith and love untold,
 Shall to the coming years unfold—
 His work of life was nobly done !

COLLEGE ALLUMNI MEETING.

1895.

Recited by the author.

The smiles and the tears have the vanished years,
 Like sunbeams and shadows let fall,
 We've gathered to-night 'neath the glittering light,
 In the midst of festivity's hall.

II

There are smiles from each friend, as gladly we blend,
 In union this eve, as of old ;
 There are tears to be shed for the absent and dead,
 Whose memories can never grow cold.

III

With the myrtle and vine, the cypress we twine,
 And the wreath that we weave is approved ;
 In the songs that we sing, there's a tribute we bring
 To the name of that one whom we loved.

IV

From the land of the free old companions we see,
 Like flocks that were scattered, come home ;
 From the East and the West, to this haven of rest,
 Tired travellers, how gladly they come !

V

From the sanctu'ry's shrine where with the Divine,
Communion the holiest they hold,
Come the bishop, the priest, to affection's own feast,
To this banquet of memories untold.

VI

From the halls of the state where on glory they wait,
While their country's cause they proclaim,
Come the sons of our soil, who unceasingly toil
To win for our Nation a name.

VII

Thus united to-night, 'n-eath the splendor of light.
Round a board where such happiness glows,
Oh, friends it is meet that a moment we greet,
Though mirth, like a cataract flows,

VIII

The name of that one, to eternity gone,
There to reap the reward he has won ;
Let us pause for awhile, change a tear for a smile.
Contemplate the work he has done !

IX.

Though deep in the gloom that encircles the tomb,
He slumbers the sleep of the just,
But we cherish his fame, let us carve that dear name
On some monument, altar, or bust !

X.

From the regions on high, beyond the blue sky,
His spirit smiles down on us here,
Then while joy is aglow and our merriments flow,
Let us keep for that father a tear.

XI.

This banquet shall end and each well-wishing friend
 To his home and his labors shall go ;
 Let us never forget how this evening we met,
 For each heart recollection should glow.

XII.

We must promise to night, in the festival light,
 To follow the pathway he trod ;
 There is glory ahead, if that highway we tread,
 A glory that endeth in God !

DESPOTISM DOOMED !

“’Twas an evening that Florence mighty envy ;”
 the sky was as cloudless and fair,
 As the brightest of Italy’s heavens—
 light, balmy the evening air !
 On a barque, o’er the mighty St. Lawrence,
 we glided toward close of the day,
 The sun on the mountains was shedding
 his last, parting, soft, mellow ray ;
 The moon in the east was ascending ;
 no sound save the splash of the prow,
 Or the Angelus notes from the hamlet,
 as they rang out the evening vow :
 ’Twould seem as if the Almighty,
 o’er the vast of immensity bent,
 With an orb in each hand, from the concave,
 an ear to the suppliant lent.

One object I gazed on a moment,
 'twas a tree that for centuries stood
 Erect by the banks of that river—
 the monarch of streamlet and wood.
 Tall, stately, majestic, that monarch
 spread his branches abroad o'er the wave,
 The plumes from his limbs had sway'd over,
 for ages, the lone Indian grave.
 The birds of the evening were singing,
 far up in the loftiest limbs,
 Making melody wake from the forest
 with the thrill of their glorious hymns ;
 I gazed on that tree in its beauty,
 its strength, its perfection and might ;
 But I looked at the roots—they were withered,
 and, like bones of the dead, glistened white.

The stream that for ages unnumbered,
 had roll'd 'neath that monarch of eld,
 In each spring-tide successively passing
 swept the earth where the tree was upheld ;
 Another fierce flood on the morrow
 may bear the last remnant away,
 And the oak that is stately this even must fall
 'midst the eddies and spray :
 Its branches be tangled and broken,
 its finery be scattered and lost ;
 And from shoal unto shoal, towards the ocean,
 the wreck of that monarch be toss'd.
 In a century to come some new traveller
 may sail on St. Lawrence's tide,
 But no trace will be seen where that giant
 the tempest of ages defied !

'Tis thus with thy despots, old Europe !
 from the Russian that crushes his slave,
 To the Empire that crushes a people
 by the fringe of the western wave :
 Tall, stately and proud is the despot ;
 the branches are powerfully strong,
 And the birds of deception are singing,
 in the 'midst of its leaflets, their song :
 For ages it stood by the stream bank,
 in *majesty* towering on high ;
 But the roots are as bleak as dead relics ;
 the day of its reckon'ing is nigh :
 The strong stream of Freedom is rolling
 its waters long fathoms below ;
 And the breath of Democracy swelling,
 like a breeze through the branches does blow.

The *earth* that upheld it is falling,
 in flakes, from its pedestal now ;
 To the voice of the people, the despot,
 like the oak of the forest must bow :
 The next tide may sweep his last strong-hold,
 and then like the lord of the wood—
 The tyrant must fall (and forever),
 be seized by the wild rushing flood,—
 The birds from the branches departed,
 the finery tangled and torn ;
 From shoal unto shoal, like the oak-tree,
 to oblivion's ocean be borne—
 Grant Heaven that such be the ending,—
 then Freedom may walk on the sod,
 And the Angel of Liberty rising,
 will chant a *Te Deum* to God !

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

“ From my cradle in the mountains,
Where the sunlight gilds the snow,
Where I had the tiny fountains,
For my playmates, long ago,
Do my sparkling waters flow.

“ Through the soft and downy mosses,
With a stealthiness I creep,—
'Neath the fallen oak, that crosses
My lone pathway, do I leap,
Where the rocks are rough and steep.

“ In the shadow of the wild wood,
Awe-inspired I onward bound,
With that quivering chill of childhood,
When the little ones have found
Ghostly darkness gathering 'round.

“ Out into the daylight rushing,
Rapidly I sweep along ;
Through the bramble-brake acrusling
As I hourly wax more strong,
And as louder grows my song.

“ I reflect the stars of heaven,
And I catch the pale moon's ray,
As I dance along, at even,
On my flower-deck'd, perfumed way,
Heedless of the night, or day.

“ Then into the giant river—
With a dizzy sense I fall ;
For a moment's space I shiver
In the shackles of its thrawl,
Gone, for aye, my song and all ! ”

* * * * *

Like the Brook each life is leaping,
From the cradle to the close ;
Now in laughter, now in weeping,
Not a moment of repose—
’Till into God's sea it flows.





Memorial
and
Pathetic Poems.

MOORE CENTENARY ODE.

—
 28TH MAY, 1879.
 —

*Composed and delivered in Quebec, for the St. Patrick's
 Literary Institute.*

—

Harp of the Isle, where beauties smile,
 Where a thousand bards have sung ;
 Harp of a land so old and grand ;
 Harp of the Celtic tongue ;
 Harp of the golden string,—
 Harp of the silver note,—
 Harp that of yore did ring
 At Carolan's command,
 'Neath many a master hand ;
 Whose tunes did float—
 Soft as the breeze among the trees—
 Along the Shannon, Lee, or Suir ;
 Harp of Davis—poet pure—
 Awake upon this distant strand !
 Awake upon Canadian land !
 Harp of Griffin—Keegan's lyre—

McCarthy's muse, oh ! come, inspire,
 Inspire me with your spirit strong,
 Give life and beauty to my song,
 That I may every note prolong
 Of Erin's right, of Erin's wrong,
 Of Erin's bard of spirit pure—
 Of Erin's glorious Minstrel Moore !

PART FIRST.

'Tis eve ; the day is past !
 Nightly shadows, 'round are cast !
 'Tis eve—repose at last !
 In dreamy sleep have passed away,
 The woes, the fears, the toils of day !
 Away, far away in the land of the souls !
 Away, far away in the region of ghouls !
 In the land of dreams, 'midst the fairy beams,
 'Midst the glowing light, of each spirit bright
 I repose to-night !
 Behold ! a hundred spirits come,
 And louder still the rising hum—
 In countless numbers muses throng,
 The lovely Genii of Song !
 With silver harp, with golden lyre,—
 With heaven's choicest, purest fire—
 The echoes every note prolong !
 Another spirit, too, is there—
 Another spirit wond'rous fair,
 Another spirit richly rare,
 Another spirit grand !
 Another spirit pure and bright,
 Another Angel of the light,
 The first, the best, the noblest sprite—
 " Love of the Native Land ! "

These and a thousand more I see—
 A grand eternal galaxy !
 They move, they dance, they sing,
 Their harps responsive ring !
 Lo ! from the East, a King,—
 A magi old and sear—
 From Orient land of sultans grand,
 With gifts is drawing near !
 They sing of glory, sing of love,—
 They sing a nation's rights or wrongs,—
 They chant a hymn to God above !
 Fain would I now recall their songs !

Slowly the beauteous host retires,—
 Fainter their silver harps and lyres—
 Fainter their song of joy expires !
 I knew the vision that had fled,
 Was not a vision of the dead !
 Its light was like the gleam of morn,—
 Methought some glorious one was born !
 Yes, oh, Erin !—Land of fears !
 Yes, oh, Erin !—Land of tears !
 Yes, oh, Erin !—“ Land of Song !”
 Yes, your harp hung silent long !
 Its soul shall soon awake again, -
 You'll hear the Island's olden strain—
 Your notes shall rise, celestial, pure ;
 This very morn to you was born,—
 Your own Immortal Moore !

PART SECOND.

There's a change in my dream—
 I am far o'er the sea ;
 And a thousand lights gleam
 'Round the magi and me !

Far, far do I roam 'neath the Orient dome !
"Farewell! Farewell! to the Araby's daughter—
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea!"
I am now far away where the Bendameer water—
Leaps on "midst the roses," the hillocks and lea!
With Lalla-Rookh fair, of the rich golden hair,
At the great bridal feast, in the land of the East!
As Lalla-Rookh wept that her bard was no king;
As Lalla-Rookh wept that her love had been given;
As Lalla-Rookh wept when the poet would sing—
As her soul with its woes would be riven;
And as great was her joy, when she found the fair boy
Was her King, was her husband—her own—
As her tears and her sorrows had flown;—
'Tis thus we admire in the bard of the East,
All the beauties that "Lalla-Rookh crown'd,"
And we sigh that in Erin—in Erin at least—
No such bard for the West could be found.
Hand in hand, side by side,
Went our joy and our pride,
When we learned that the poet—so pure—
Was a son of our Isle,—
And the East all the while,
Was the theme of the Minstrel Moore!

PART THIRD.

The vision has changed—I am back to the West,—
I am back to the home and "the Isle of the Blest!"
It is eve as before, and from toil I may rest!
The curtain of night seems to roll in the sky,
And a million lights gleam in the firmament high!
Each light is a star—each star is a sprite—
Each being is wrapp'd in a garment of white—
A harp in each hand,—a sprig from the land—

This fairy-like band is resplendent and grand !
 A Melody each of the richest and best !
 And all seem to sing of the glorious West !
 Some joyous, some sad,—both war-song and wail.
 Some sing of the clans,—some chant “ *Innisfail.* ”
 Some sing of the “ *Glories of Brian the Brave !* ”
 Some sing of the “ *Shamrock* ” that springs from his grave,
 “ *Oh ! Blame not the Bard,* ”—a note as a sigh !
 “ *Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye !* ”
 Some tell of Erin in the days of her joy :
 Some sing the fame of “ *The Minstrel Boy :* ”
 Some sing “ *The Harp* ” that thro’ Tara’s old hall
 Awoke to the Nation at Liberty’s call !
 “ *I saw from the beach* ”—the echo is low—
 The note dies away as a stream in its flow !
 “ *There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,* ”
 Sings the sprite of Avoca—“ *where bright waters meet.* ”
 Now, a war-song awakes ’midst the clashing of arms !
 Now, “ *Believe me if all those endearing young charms* ”
 Comes so softly along in the sweep of the song !
 “ *Lisbia hath a beaming eye* ”...a distant echo of the sky !
 A moment’s pause, and now again...
 The spirits wake the dying strain.
 Full numberless their gorgeous train !
 Far away comes a voice that Erin so loved ;
 “ *By the banks of the Schuylkill a wanderer roved.* ”
 Far away comes a voice from the Western world—
 “ *I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl’d* ”
 Then “ *Row, Brothers ! Row, the stream runs fast !* ”
 The note died away and the vision is past !
 “ *Like the last rose of summer left blooming alone,* ”
 A spirit remained—“ *his companions had gone.* ”
 “ *Whence, oh whence,* ” I implored,
 “ *Come these songs of the sky ?* ”
 Is it thus that the Seraphim sing ?

Oh ! are these the sweet notes that are chanted on high ?
 With these does fair Paradise ring ? ”
 “ No, no,” cried the spirit, “ these notes are of earth,
 Of the Isle where your martyrs and heroes had birth,—
 These songs are immortal, we muses have come,
 To chant them to-night o’er Anacreon’s tomb.—
 These songs are immortal, grand, holy and pure,—
 They ’re the melodies rare of the Minstrel Moore ! ”

EPILOGUE.

Sleep on, Bard of Erin ! Sleep in peace ’neath the sod !
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin—in the glory of God !
 May the shamrocks grow green from your sanctified grave ;
 May the tears of old Erin your resting place lave !
 May the garland you wrought ’round your glory entwine !
 May your heart in the nation forever enshrine !
 Let your *requiem* be sung by the winds of the land !
 Let your tomb-stone be raised by a minstrel’s hand—
 By the Shannon, the Barrow, the Liffy, or Suir !
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin ! Greatest Minstrel Moore !

 “ MEAGHER OF THE SWORD.”

Sad and pensive, lonely dreaming
 In Clonmala’s prison cell,
 Fettered by oppression’s menials,
 Noble hearted heroes dwell.
 Thinking, hoping, sighing, fearing
 For their Erin’s cherish’d weal,
 Wishing, praying for the moment when
 “ The ancient Celtic steel—”

From its scabbard flashing, gleaming
 In a Nation's mighty hand—
 Would in foeman's crimson gushings
 Write the glory of the land !
 There amidst those heroes seated
 'Round the cruel prison board,
 With his dark forebodings musing—
 Glorious Meagher of the Sword !

Cold and stern are the judges—
 Warm and pressing is the crowd :
 Thro' that long and weary trial,
 Thousand vengeance oaths were vow'd ;
 Hundreds coming, hundreds going,
 Hundreds throbbing for the fate ;
 Silent standing in the Court-room
 Hundreds for the verdict wait.
 " Guilty,"—God, the word is spoken !
 " Meagher, what hast thou to say ?"
 " Ireland's story will explain it
 When I'm gone and passed away,
 And will justify my action !"
 Oh, that never dying word !
 It was spoken by a hero—
 Glorious Meagher of the Sword !

Broad, expansive great Atlantic spreads
 Its waters towards the West,
 As an Exile's barque is steering
 From the " Island of the blest."
 Sad and gloomy his forebodings—
 Dark the future seems to be—
 All his loves and hopes are sinking
 Far behind him in the sea

Now his weary eye is resting
 For a last time on Tramore ;
Now the land is fading slowly—
 Dim the verdant Island shore ;
Gone his hopes,—his wishings vanished
 With the land he once ador'd,
Fare-thee-well ! thou noble hero—
 Glorious Meagher of the Sword !

Crimson red the sun is rising
 On a gorgeous summer day,
As a hundred thousand soldiers
 Girt their harness for the fray :
Near and nearer roll the legions,
 Like a sea of red and gold,
Wave on wave, above them gleaming,
 Hundred banners they unfold.
Booms the cannon,—clash the sabres,—
 Roll the volumes o'er the vale ;
Who is he that now receives them
 With a shower of iron hail ?
Who is he upon the rampart—
 Where a hundred cannons roar'd ?
'Tis the champion of a Nation —
 Glorious Meagher of the Sword !

Soft the summer breeze is fanning—
 Bright the summer sun is low,
Shedding forth his evening splendor
 Where Missouri's waters flow,
Decking with a ray of beauty,
 Close beside the yellow wave,
Willow trees that sad are bending
 O'er a drear, unknown grave.

Not a mound or cross appearing
 Marks the hero's lonely bed—
 There he sleeps, as thousand others,
 Erin's great and holy dead !
 There he sleeps a sleep eternal,
 And his spirit 's with the Lord—
 Ireland's pure and loving patriot—
 Glorious Meagher of the Sword !

PAMELA.

(To John P. Leonard, Esq., of Paris—through whose kind watchfulness and noble patriotism the remains of Pamela—Lady Edward Fitzgerald, were saved from the *fosse commune*, into which were cast the bodies buried in the graveyard of Montmartre, and by whom they were conveyed to London, and interred in the family vault at Thames-Ditton.)

I

Few were the women her rivals in beauty,
 Few were the hearts so fond and so true ;
 Few were the wives who surpassed her in duty,
 Virtues were round her of every hue.
 When grief's saddest morrow,
 The wild day of sorrow
 For him of her love, did break on his life,
 With anguish and weeping,
 She guarded him sleeping,
 The truthful, the noble, the Geraldine's wife !

II

Her dear one surviving, in France's gay centre,
She wept and she pined o'er the joys that had flown,
No pleasure e'er more in that bright soul could enter,
'Twas filled with a sorrow completely its own.
 'Till saddening, repining,
 And slowly declining,
At last she went forth from this valley of strife ;
 She sank in that slumber
 Whose hours have no number,
And 'woke in God's glory—the Geraldine's wife.

III

To the tombs of Montmartre this beauty was taken,
To sleep with the thousands that lonely there rest,
To await the great call when those thousands awaken :
To sleep far away from her home in the West.
 Far away from the tomb-yard
 Whose darkness and gloom guard
The rest of the dear ones she loved in her life ;
 Were none there to name her ?
 No guardian to claim her ?
No one to watch over the Geraldine's wife ?

IV

Yes, from Erin's own Isle a son true and kindly,
Protected her tomb on an alien sod ;
While hundreds went by and coldly, or blindly,
Neglected the dust o'er whose glory they trod !
 And when all were hurried
 Away to be buried

In the *fosse* for the common, the lowly in life,
 He hastened to take her
 From the grave they would make her ;
 He guarded and watched o'er the Geraldine's wife !

V

And back to the land where her husband is sleeping ;
 And back to the West he swiftly did come,
 To place her remains where the shadows are creeping
 O'er the friends that lie low in the graves of her home.
 The death bells are ringing,
 While sadly they're bringing
 Pamela to rest from the world's awful strife ;
 And each one in praying,
 Is tearfully saying,
 " God bless the true friend of the Geraldine's wife ! "

VI

From Arno whose wavelets flow through Italy fair,
 From the shrines of the West, their spirits arise,
 Through Desmond's green valleys,
 o'er the plains of Kildare,
 Their anthem is swelling and piercing the skies.
 " Forever God's glory,
 Shine round you in story,
 And light you along the true course of your life ;
 And Erin will press you
 To her fond heart, and bless you,
 Who watched o'er the tomb of the Geraldine's wife ! "

 J. J. CALLANAN.

(*Poet, &c., died 19th September 1850.*)

He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in manner,
 No form more slight, no cheek e'er was wanner,
 No heart was more true and no spirit was prouder,
 He could speak with a child and his voice was not louder ;
 His soul was so pure—no danger e'er fearing—
 "God's rest," cried the world, "to the Minstrel of Erin !"

As yet in his childhood so bright was each token,—
 That often and often again it was spoken,—
 "His thoughts for this cold earth he never is framing,
 He chided the wicked yet never was blaming—
 A priest to the altar some day he'll be nearing,
 The kind and the good, the true Minstrel of Erin !"

To heaven and God his fond hopes were aspiring,
 To worship and love was his constant desiring,—
 To stand at the altar he ever was praying,—
 "He loves to adore," still the people were saying :
 He cared not for mocking, he cared no for jeering,
 A priest in his soul was this Minstrel of Erin !

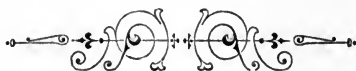
But God in his bounty and wisdom disposing,
 To a life so devout had ordained no such closing ;
 Thy cold hand consumption had touched on his beauty,
 And changed, for the bard, the bright path of his duty,—
 He bowed to the will that his life-course was veering—
 Did the poet at heart—the good Minstrel of Erin !

His heart was too large for a hating, reproving—
He sought, as all bards, for an object of loving ;
He gazed all around, and no object more splendid,
Than the Isle of his birth which his fathers defended.
“ He woke its wild harp ”—his country thus cheering—
By the scenes of his youth—the true Minstrel of Erin !

Thy echoes great Mullogh, as the eagle is screaming,
Retain its last call, and when morning is beaming—
The hills of Ivarah are bright in the glowing
That lights on their summits the fair heather blowing—
They still are recalling and still are they wearing
The song and the stamp of the Minstrel of Erin !

From where, in the north, all the mad waves are dashing
On Antrim's wild rocks in a fury are splashing,
To where thro' each valley, by brake and by highland,
The Lee flows along, fairest stream of the Island.—
The peasant, the poet, with many a tear in
His dim eye, recalls the sad Minstrel of Erin !

Green, green be the sod, where this true one is sleeping—
Where the muses of Erin in anguish are weeping ; —
This destined of heaven whose spirit is roving
To-day in God's mansions, the dwelling of loving :
Long, long may his memory, wherever appearing,
Find a shrine in each heart—fondest Minstrel of Erin !



DENIS FLORENCE McCARTHY.

(Died, 9th April, 1882.)

“ MacCaura the pride of thy house has gone by,
But its fame cannot fade and its name cannot die.”

D. F. McC.

Last Bard of “ the Nation,” thy lyre I claim
One moment, the song of thy *requiem* to sing,
To chant but a note to the glory and fame
That long ’round thy mem’ry shall faithfully cling ;
Thy praising, thy loving, thy warning, reproving,
Thy hopes and thy prayers for the land of thy birth,—
Thy poetry flowing, thy sentiments glowing,
For the home of thy pride, fairest Isle of the earth !

The “ Bell-Founder ” Bard of the “ Clan of MacCaura,”
To-day, in thy chill house, mortality, sleeps—
And Erin the fair, in her garments of sorrow,
O’er “ Desmond,” her dear one, disconsolate weeps.
The Buyv’s solemn singing, “ St. Mary’s ” bells ringing,
Thro’ the “ Vale of Shanganagh ” loud, loud is the wail,—
And “ Una ” is dreaming, sad music is streaming
Thro’ lone “ Ceim-an-Eich ” on the western gale.

The “ Towers of the Guebre,” tall, stately and grand,
Look sombre to-day, in sadness and gloom ;
The “ Year’s coming Bridal ” is dull in the land,
Since the Bard of “ St Brendan ” sleeps cold in the tomb.

What fairy-like throngings, what bright "Summer Longings"
 Are over, are hushed, once so brilliant and fair!
 Thine eye, once so beaming, with tear drops is streaming.
 "Thou fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare."

"Invocation" and "Warning," like "The Foray of Con,"
 Are hushed, since the Bard of the lyre's no more,
 Who sang all the praise and the power of "Mac John,"
 When the days of that hero were vanished and o'er.
 But long thro' the Island, in valley and highland,
 From the "Pass of the Grey Man" to "Scattery's" bawn,
 His songs shall they number—tho' deep in his slumber—
 McCarthy awaits on Eternity's dawn.

Sleep Bard of old Erin, the noble, the true,
 'Neath the shamrocks of Erin MacCaura finds rest—
 And light on thy grave fall the softest of dew—
 While thy spirit is safe in the home of the Blest.
 And Erin recalling, while tear-drops are falling,
 The son that now lies 'neath her glorious sod:
 To her fond bosom pressing this lately lost blessing,
 This gift "that was *given* and *taken* by God!"

THE GRAVE OF MISS FANNY PARNELL.

My spirit walk'd one evening
 In Avoca's hallow'd vale;
 The sun had set in crimson,
 The moon was ghastly pale,
 And the Banshee's lonely wailing
 Came floating on the gale.

My spirit walk'd where waters
 In peaceful flowings meet ;
And the Irish sky was o'er me,
 And the shamrocks at my feet —
And holy spirits hovered
 Around the calm retreat.

And I heard the waters flowing
 And the moan of ev'ry wave ;
I thought of thousands sleeping,
 The faithful, fond and brave,
When I felt my footsteps falter—
 I was standing by a grave !

And a harp o'er the grave was hanging,
 And shamrocks twined it round,
And the Buiy from the distant hillside
 Raised anew the *keening* sound,
And I felt my spirit thrilling—
 I was treading holy ground.

And my spirit asked the spirit,
 That chanted from the hill,
To tell of the grave before me.
 For a moment all was still ;
Then came the song of the mourner,
 Like the gush of an Irish rill.

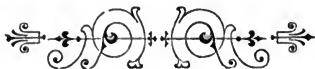
“ The eyes were bright that slumber
 Under this holy sod ;
The feet of the fair that sleepeth,
 The way of duty trod ;
The heart of the maid that resteth,
 Was a golden gift of God.

“ Her songs for her mother Erin,
 Were pure as yon silver stream ;
Each song was a gem resplendent—
 Each line was a golden beam—
Each word was a loving hope-star—
 Her life was a beauteous dream.

“ Her heart, with the love of Erin,
 Beat warm in every stroke—
'Twas filled with that love 'till brimful—
 It could hold no more ; it broke,
And she fell asleep in her loving,
 In Eternal glory woke.”

My spirit left that valley,
 To wander again with men ;
But it must return to that valley,—
 Yet it cannot tell me when ;
'Twill return when Erin's fetters
 Are snapp'd—but not till then.

'Till then let her slumber calmly,—
 Let the harp hang o'er her grave,—
Let the Banshee wail at evening,—
 Let the mocking tempest rave,—
Let her sleep 'till Ireland's freedom
 Is won by the fair and brave !



A CONALCON POEM.

(In memory of the late Charles James Kickham.)

(A Conalcon poem is one in the style of Amergin, son of Melesius and brother of Heber, Heremon and Ir. He alone of all the Irish poets of old wrote in this kind of verse. *The last word of each line must be the same as the first word of the following line.* I merely attempt this style in English as an experiment. "Conalcon" is a Celtic word, meaning "The Reverberation of a string." The reader is referred to Barron's work on the Celtic Language.—J. K. F.).

Kickham, thy halo'd grave is *made*,
Made on Ireland's holy *soil*;
Soil whereon the fruits did *fade*—
Fade despite the constant *toil*,
Toil and *prayer*,
Prayer and *vow*,
Vow'd and pray'd for the Island fair !

Fond of the land that saw thee *born*,
Born of the land that saw thee *die*;
Die, and see but the flush of *morn*,
Morn of freedom on her *sky*,—
Sky and *streams*,
Streams and *towers*,
Towers illum'd in the golden beams.

Thy harp is broke, thy spirit *fled*,
Fled to thy home with God *above*;
Above thy tomb our tears are *shed*,
Shed for the bard we learn'd to *love*—
Love and *praise*,
Praise with *pride*—
Pride in thy noble Irish lays !

Sleep in peace, 'till the trumpet's sound,
Sound a call to the buried *dead* !
Dead tho' thou art, from thy sacred *mound*,
Mound of death, thou shalt raise thy *head* ;
Head and *heart*,
Heart and *harp*—
Harp whose spirit now is fled.

Or sleep 'till thy country's chains are *broke*,
Broke by men of hands like *thine* ;
Thine object won—a gleam of *hope*—
Hope for Erin's fate may *shine*—
Shine on thy *tomb*—
Tomb and *home*—
Home no longer deep in gloom.

Leave thy harp “ on a willow *bough*,”
Bough that droops to the silver *wave*,
Wave that sighs and speaks the *vow*—
Vow that was spoken o'er thy *grave*—
Grave and *sod*,
Sod and *rest* !
Rest thee till then above with God !

WOLFE-TONE.

(*Died in prison, 17th November 1798.*)

“ In Bodenston churchyard there is a green grave,
 And wildly around it the winter winds rave, etc.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

Heard you the Banshee's saddest *keen*,
 Upon the ghostly midnight gale,
 Like piercing moan ?

Lamenting loud of Erin green,
The Nation's rising solemn wail
 For her Wolfe-Tone ?
Hadst thou but died on battle-field,
Amongst the foremost there to fall,
 She would not groan ;
But for the one that could not yield,
To perish in the prison's wall,
 She weeps — Wolfe-Tone !

What means the awful word of Death,
That passes on from age to age
 'Midst strife and din ?
Is it the loss of human breath—
As told by ancient pagan sage—
 Or price of sin ?
Would God 'twere but an idle word,
That generations heard and said—
 But meant no more !
The hero then would sheath his sword,
And ne'er again in battle red
 Would dye with gore !

It means the passage out of life,
The dismal portal of the tomb,
 For young and old ;
It means the fiercest, latest strife,
The union dark of night and gloom
 And ashes cold.

It came, because it had to come,
To Erin's great and noble son,
 In prison lone :—
It snatched him from his Island home,
Long ere his manly task was done.—
 Alas ! Wolfe-Tone !

Death means the freedom of the soul,
The spirit's holy exit fair,
 From sin and chains ;
The flight to joys that constant roll,
Around the sacred temple —where
 God Eternal reigns !
A double freedom for that great,
And faithful son, that Erin old
 Is bound to moan ;
Relaxing of a two-fold weight,—
To live a slave, in dungeon cold,
 To die—Wolfe-Tone !

Great God of Heaven do we pray,
And weep our faults and sigh,
 And pardon crave ;
Grant death may be our golden day,
Illume with beams of hope from high,
 Our earthly grave ;
Grant Erin may be free and great,
Ere time shall be proclaimed no more,
 And earth have gone,
May she not feel the iron weight
Of slavery's chains 'till life is o'er,—
 Like her Wolfe-Tone !

Thou noble son of noble sire,
Thy grave is wet with many a tear ;
 The sacred stone
That tells thy fate so sad and dire,
Is index of thy bright career,
 Oh, great Wolfe-Tone !

Thou hadst a heart for purest love,
A soul to dare, a hand to do—
 But not alone ;
Rest now in peace with God above, /
Glorious, faithful, strong and true,
 Rest thee, Wolfe-Tone !

JOHN KEATS.

(Born 1796 ; died 1820, at Rome.)

Soft fall the dew on thy early tomb,
Child of the muses, sad thy doom,
Day of thy life was one of gloom,
 Poor Keats of the early grave !

Greater thou mightst be—great thou art,
Fond was the pulsing of thy heart,
Proudly it beat, yet sad the part,
 That Fate had reserved for thee.

Bard of the antique—bard of the old,
Grand were thy verses, quaintly bold,
Fire in thy breast ; the age was cold ;
 Oh, bard of the bitter life !

Then, peace, oh, Keats, to thy precious dust !
Sleep the sleep of the great and just ;
Drop o'er thy grave a tear we must,
 When told of thy early fate.

Friend of the muses still dost thou sing,
 Year unto year thy verses ring ;
 Weep for thy loss—a noble thing—
 For none but the noble weep.

Then sleep in thy honored grave and rest ;
 Age after age thy name is bless'd ;
 Scarce wert thou seen ere strongest test,
 Of thy master powers was made.

Star in the sky of our golden past,
 Long may thy fame and thy praises last,
 A halo bright o'er thy name is cast
 On the muses' sacred scroll !

Poor Keats of the early grave, we sigh—
 Fresh in youth thou wert called to die ;
 Keats of the noble heart, good-bye !
 We'll meet in the land beyond !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

(Born 1803, in Fishamble street, Dublin : Died 1849, in Meath Hospital.)

In Glasnevin is a grave,
 And no tomb-stone tells the name
 Of the one whose ashes rest 'neath the sod. *
 Friend, is it a hero brave,
 Now immortal in his fame,
 Sleeps beneath that tuft of grass where you trod ?

* A monument has since been erected over Mangan's grave. This poem was written in 1879.

Is it one whose glorious deeds,
On the gory field of strife,
Sounding thro' the halls of time, men inspire?
Ah, no tomb the dead one needs,
To proclaim his mortal life,
For a spirit sitting near strikes his lyre!

She awakes an olden strain,
Once to Erin soft and mild,
And the moaning winds of eve bear it on;
And the Island hears again,
Of her sad, but loving child,
Who was wont to sing her woe and her wrong,
And the breeze that sweepeth past,
Over mountain, stream and vale,
In a solemn cadence wafts far and near,
Of that minstrel spirit ghost,
To the sons of Innisfail,
Every note of saddest strain, every tear!

And the Fairy-gun is loud,
In its darksome cavern shore,
As it booms with thunder voice in reply;
And its volley, grandly proud,
As it slowly does out-pour—
“Clarence Mangan now is gone,” seems to cry.
And in Gougaune Barra fair,
As the echoes die away,
Far o'er Mullogh now is heard their lament,
“Child of Erin breathe a prayer,
’Tis the sad and gloomy day,
When snapp’d the reed so long that had been bent.”

And the sun that rises bright
O'er Ben-Heber's regal head,
Sheds a ray of golden hope on that grave,—
And at eve his beams of light,

Ere he seeks his crimson bed,
 With a glowing pure that tomb seem to lave.
 And at morn, and noon, and eve,
 All the spirits of the land,
 Stealing forth from tower, and moat, rath and shrine,
 Come, like phantom shades, to grieve
 Where the minstrel loves to stand,
 O'er the grave of one whose harp was divine.

Mangan, life to thee was sad,
 Life to thee was dark and gray,
 Joy, or peace, or hope, or love thou hadst not ;
 Death to thee was ever glad,
 For it was the open way—
 To that home where grief and woe are all forgot.
 But thou hadst a poet's soul,
 And thou hadst a noble heart,
 And for thee no tomb we need, but the sod,—
 Let the ages onward roll,
 Thou hast done thy glorious part—
 And for thee old Erin prays now to God !

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

(Died 16th September 1845, at his house Bagot street, Dublin.)

Like the torrent of the mountain,
 Wave on wave ;
 Like the gushing of the fountain
 From the cave ;
 Like the swelling of the ocean,
 In its wrathful, wild commotion ;

Like the autumn wind when sighing,
As the year is slowly dying,
Comes the doleful nation's knelling,
Sweeping loud from shore to shore,
Comes the wail of Erin swelling—
“Thomas Davis is no more!”

By Glengariff's lonely island
By each lake,
In the valley, on the highland,
In each brake ;
Where the Avonmore is sweeping,
Where each silver stream is leaping,
Where the Shannon broad is flowing,
Where the light of morn is glowing,
And a hundred hill-tops borrow
Splendor as the floods outpour,
Now is seen the cloud of sorrow—
“Erin's great one is no more!”

When the light of eve is creeping
Into gloom,
Where the faithful ones are sleeping
In the tomb ;
In each graveyard, cold and dreary,
Where the exile, worn and weary ;
On each field of battle gory,
Where each hero sleeps in glory ;
Now the silver moon, in gleaming
Through the dark clouds rushing o'er,
Seems to tell us in her beaming—
“Erin's just one is no more!”

And each castle, tower and Altar
In the land
Seems to whisper and to falter ;
And each strand,

And each rath, and moat, and brake,
 And each stream, and well, and lake,
 And each cot beside the rill,
 And each sun-tower on the hill
 Seems to look, as if in weeping,
 As the wind careeing o'er,
 Tells the nation that is sleeping,
 " Erin's true one is no more."

As the meteor at even,
 In the skies,
 Darts across the space of heaven
 Lives and dies ;
 Thus before the nation gleaming,
 In the poet circle beaming,
 Scarcely rising, scarcely shining,
 Scarcely known when declining.
 From a solitude of glory,
 Did the splendid spirit soar ;
 Yet, how soon the mournful story
 " Erin's Davis is no more !"

Heart than his was never better,
 In a cause ;
 Freedom wished he, and no fetter.
 Freedom's laws ;
 Purer love than his was never,
 Naught but death its ties could sever ;
 Higher thoughts had never dwelling
 In a bosom prouder swelling.
 Sweeter poet ne'er was known,
 For a soul he did outpour ;
 But, alas ! that soul has flown—
 " Erin's poet is no more !"

Like a hero proudly singing,
 In his joy ;
 When his battle cry is ringing
 “ Fontenoy ! ”
 With the sons of Erin bowing,
 For the sons of Erin vowing,
 For the sons of Erin chanting,
 For the fame of Erin panting.
 For the light of freedom sighing,
 Sighing on his native shore ;
 Wherefore Erin now is crying—
 “ Thomas Davis is no more ! ”

On “ an Irish hill-side ” lying
 In “ his grave,”
 Near an Irish streamlet sighing,
 Near its wave ;
 Davis asked no stone above him.
 When can Erin cease to love him ?
 When can Erin cease to praise him ?
 When a tomb can Erin raise him ?
 Oh, the Nation’s heart was broken !
 Sorrow’d to its very core,
 When the doleful new was spoken—
 “ Thomas Davis is no more ! ”

 REV. FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

(Born 1830—Died 1883.)

Awake my muse one note to sing,
 A note in the minors of grief ;
 Be short, oh song, but surely bring
 To a Nation’s soul relief !

Sound deep, oh song, like the distant peal
 Of the storm I hear this night ;
 Sing on 'till a people learns to feel
 The loss of a " son of might,"

Nay ! cease my song, thy motion cease,
 Sound not one other note !
 He has gone to rest, to " rest in peace "—
 Let not thine accents float
 Out from my soul unto the world—
 The world sees him no more—
 The orator's flag is forever furl'd,
 He has touched the eternal shore !

Let Erin wail for her holy dead !
 Let her grieve for her gifted son !
 His day is past, his light has fled,
 His glorious triumphs won ;
 Let Erin weep o'er the hallow'd grave ;
 May her shamrocks freshly spring
 To deck the sod o'er the truly brave !
 May her winds his *Requiem* sing !

Let the Church now sing a hymn of praise,
 He has seen the end of his earthly days,
 And now in the grand eternal blaze
 He basks ; while cluster the golden rays
 'Round his sainted head. The people says :
 " You can scarcely try to paint that child,
 So good, so true, so fond, so mild ! "
 Ah ! cease my song, your verse is wild !
 But hark ! o'er Atlantic comes a song,
 Thro' ocean billows swept along—
 Now low, now high, now wildly strong—
 'Tis a Banshee's wail from the " Land of Song ! "

THE WAIL.

Weep, Erin weep ! he is no more !
Dark is the cloud upon thy shore,
His day is past, his life is o'er,
 Thy glorious priest !
Sound, oh, Liffy ! sound his wail,
From Antrim's glens to far Kinsale,
A *requiem* comes upon the gale,
 For Erin's priest !
From the Suir that flows to Barrow's tide,
To tall Sleive-Bloom, in its towering pride,
The cry is heard—a prayer doth glide
 For the holy priest !
Far o'er the waves on Atlantic's breast,
Far o'er the plains of the distant West
A prayer is said—a name is bless'd—
 The name of Erin's priest !
And the prayer that's said
 For the holy dead,
Ascends like the perfume that bright flowers shed !

THE PRAYER !

God of our fathers ! God of Might !
Gaze down on this sacred soil to-night,
Guide her sons in the ways of right ;
Teach them to act in Thy holy sight,
In the cause of justice, faith and right ;
Shed on their path Thy golden light
That the sainted priest, now low in death,
Shed o'er the race with his potent breath ;
Guide them along the road he trod,
And when they sleep 'neath the sacred sod,
May they die, *as he*, in Thy arms, oh God !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Died March 24th 1882. Aged 75 years.)

Thro' the "forest primeval" a *requiem* is singing,
 The winds of Æolus are loud in their wail ;
 From "Evangeline's" home the death-bells are ringing.
 Thro' a century their notes descend on the gale.
 "On the Bridge at mid-night" the stranger is straying,
 In the shade of "God's Acre" the faithful are praying,
 "Excelsior" hymns full a million are saying,
 While Death o'er the loved one extendeth his veil !

From "the Milestone of Gold" the world may now measure
 The distance to happiness, glory, or fame ;
 America weeps o'er her lately lost treasure,—
 On her tablets immortal she's carving his name.
 "Hiawatha" thy notes, like a Banshee in weeping,
 O'er the plains of the West, in sadness, are sweeping,
 While Columbia's son is quietly sleeping,
 And the "Hesperus Wreck" of his splendor we claim,

The pure "Psalm of Life" all the world is repeating,
 Its echoes ring out full prophetic and true,—
 What life like to his deserves such a greeting ?
 He's one of Fame's children, the noble, the few !
 From pole unto pole all the nations replying,
 In praise of the good man and poet are vying,
 While cold in his own darling home he is lying,—
 The home where affection his genius first knew !

"God's rest to him now," the wide world is saying :
 America's son was the child of the earth,
 All grateful to him,—the peoples are praying—
 Their music is mournful and hush'd is their mirth,

His heart was a heart of pure, noble affection,—
 His mind was a mind in whose wide recollection
 The rays of love's sun cast a glowing reflection,
 For humanity's weal and the land of his birth !

Yes, Longfellow, friend of the world, all your labor
 Has ceased, as you sleep 'neath America's sod :
 No more will you sing of the pen or the sabre,
 The ways of existence you've nobly trod.
 On earth your memorial monuments raising ;
 The voices of nations your labors are praising ;
 While sublime on your country you fondly are gazing
 From your throne of peace in the mansions of God !

 REQUIEM ÆTERNAM.

BERNARD DEVLIN ESQ. M. P.

(Died 10th February 1880, member for Montreal Centre.)

Marching slowly, treading slowly thro'
 Mount Royal's snow-clad streets :
 Wending onward, solemn gathering
 of the funeral cortege meets ;
 Sadly moving, turn the mourners
 toward St. Patrick's holy fane,
 Thro' the door-way of that temple
 now he enters once again.
 Rising voices swell the chorus,
 and the *requiem* Mass is said—
 While the perfumed censer's wreathings
 wrap the remnant of the dead :

Manly eyes are filmed with weeping,
 manly hearts are beating slow,
 Thousand phantoms of his mem'ry
 in the sombre drapings glow.

Is a hero lying lowly ? Why
 this war-like grand array ?
 Why these plumed and harnessed swordsmen
 kneeling 'round the shrine to pray ?
 Why this music loudly pealing
 in its mournful funeral notes ?
 Why this wail of grief, that swelling,
 thro' St. Patrick's temple floats ?
 Why these thousands coming,
 going, as in almost regal mien,
 Sleeps the one, now cold and lifeless,
 for whose loss is heard the *keen* ?
 He is one whose friends and others
 would divide them at his breath,
 And whose sentiments united
 by the awful hand of Death.

On Mount Royal's rough and rugged,
 tempest-beaten, stately side,
 With the dear ones—children sleeping—
 by his young heart's loving bride ;
 Loud the storms of winter wildly
 lash the mountain's hoary breast,
 In the home of youth and aged
 from their dangers may he rest !
 Calm the summer-sun, at even,
 on Mount-Royal sheds a ray,
 Lighting up in crimson beauty
 toward the closing of the day—

He will heed no more the splendor
of that golden setting sun,
Like to it, in death's dark gloaming,
his own earthly course is run.

Ah ! the "*nunquam non paratus*"—
is the motto of the great,
All must walk that same dread highway,
all must know that same dread fate ;
As the millions of the ages
now are sleeping in the grave,
As the good, the true, the holy,
as the fervent and the brave,
As the wicked and the pious,
all are now beneath the sod,
All have known the dreadful *secret*
of the justice of their God.
If, perchance, their faults are open,—
hide them 'neath oblivion's shroud,
And their goodness, let us tell it
to the listening world aloud !

In his duties ever faithful,
to his people, to their cause ;—
When their voice was raised unto him,
did he hesitate or pause ?
Husband fondest, father dearest,—
hand the warmest for a friend ;
Little know we all the beauties
in that spirit wont to blend.
Down within the deepest recess
of that warm beating heart,
For his God and for his country,
for his friends, for *all* a part,—

Thousand tempests tore that spirit,
 thousand tempests loud and strong,
 But that spirit now is vanished,
 fled that strife so fiercely long.

He has sought, beyond the portals
 of the dread and chilly grave,
 Rest and peace with Him whose merits
 are omnipotent to save—
 He has fled this world of sorrow,
 where each misery is a lord,
 He has sought the joy eternal
 with the Co-Eternal Word !
 Rest his dust, then, in the tomb-yard
 on his lov'd Mount Royal's side !
 Rest his spirit, far beyond it,
 where the just and blest abide !
 Green above him grow the flowerets
 from our fair Canadian sod !
 All remains for those who knew him,
 is to pray for him to God !

JOHN EDWIN FRENCH.

(DIED, IN THE AUTHOR'S ARMS, SUNDAY, 6TH. JAN. 1834, AT R. WHITE'S
 SHANTY, AT THE HEAD OF THE BLACK RIVER).

At God's command there issues forth
 A *fiat* of heaven to the earth ;
 In Southern clime, or distant North,
 Death's Angel bears the summons dread !

The young, the aged and the bold,
The rich, the needy, strong, or old,
When once the fatal hour has toll'd,
Join the procession of the dead !

Some from their home-hearths snatch'd away,
Some from the festive group, the gay,
Some as they kneel at eve to pray,
Some ere the morn gives light ;
For some, away from home and friends
Their dreary pilgrimage there ends,
The heavenly mandate fast descends
And calls them to the judgment sight.

'Twas thus for you, kind-hearted man,
Like Arctic regions chill and wan,
Your last sad voyage scarce began
Ere your career on earth was done :
In peace with men, in peace with God,
You walk'd the road by good men trod,
And then you sank beneath the sod,
As sinks, at eve, the golden sun !

A life of labor now is o'er,
And tears and grief you'll know no more.
Your spirit on a brighter shore,
The recompense enjoys we trust :
Altho' Death's Angel spread his wing,
Above your path, before the spring
Could usher hopes to which all cling,
You died as die the humbly just.

Your comrades, in this region drear,
Your pleasant accents seem to hear ;
Some heave a sigh, some drop a tear,
As tribute to your memory,

They miss your face amongst the rest,
 Yet, breathe your name all lowly lest
 They might disturb the slumber blest
 You sleep unto Eternity.

This tribute to your memory, they
 Upon your bier, in sorrow lay,
 And each and all united say
 "Calm be your sleep beneath the sod."
 They join with friends who lov'd you well,
 And vie your kindnesses to tell,
 'Tis friendship rings your funeral knell
 And prays that you're with God !

Good-bye ! and peaceful be your sleep ;
 Some feel to-night an anguish deep,—
 It is not weakness makes men weep,
 None know to weep but those of heart :
 You've passed thro' life unto the end,
 The bough must snap that long shall bend,
 Like you we walk that road and tend
 To the same goal where all must part !

HON. THOMAS WHITE.

(Minister of Interior, Died 23d April 1888.)

Go forth my verse o'er our land—go roam !
 Ring deep thy knell in each happy home,
 From Atlantic's wave to Pacific's foam,
 Go tell of a spirit fled ;
 The flags droop down midway each mast—
 A patriot soul has forever passed !
 Go forth and tell, from first to last,
 That a good man now is dead.

Noble his heart and grand his soul,
O'er Canadian soil let the requiem roll ;
True as the needle to the pole,
Was he to his friends and all !
And many the tear, to-day, is shed,
O'er the hallowed tomb of the patriot dead,
But why should I sing ? Enough is said !
O'er the present drop a pall.

'Tis the country's loss ; but still his name
Shall live on her future scroll of fame ;
None to upbraid him, none to blame—
Life's path he nobly trod ;
He sank to rest, like a setting sun,
When its golden day of light is done ;
But that setting is a life begun—
A life of light with God.

Then peace, to-night, to his hallowed clay !
He is gone ; let our country's history say
How truly he walked the patriot's way,
And fought in the ranks of right ;
And when, for us, death brings its fears,
May we sink to rest 'mid a nation's tears !
Too gladly we'd end our earthly years
If we'd end as Thomas White.



IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. J. R. WOODS, THE AUTHOR'S GOD-MOTHER.

A Nun Over Her Mother's Bier.

I saw her lean o'er the marble dead :
She knelt and bent and kissed her—
The soul from the callous flesh had fled,
(Hot tears the Nun o'er her mother shed),
Her checks were pale, but her eyes were red,
Slowly and sadly a prayer she said—
How truly that true one missed her !

She bent and prayed o'er her mother's bier—
Deep, deep was that hidden sorrow !
She breathed no sigh, yet she dropp'd a tear,
Her face was white, yet her voice was clear
As she prayed a prayer for her mother dear—
She kissed the dead, and without a fear—
Who knows who may sleep to-morrow !

I saw the Nun o'er her mother's grave,
As she check'd hot tears that even—
In a trance of pain she seemed to rave,
As grief, like a wild, deep ocean wave,
Came o'er the heart of the sister brave ;
The gush of soul did the coffin lave—
As she look'd to God in Heaven !

She look'd on high and prayed to God—
 For her mother gone before her,
 She knew that a grave 'neath the hallow'd sod
 Is the end of the road that her mother trod—
 (Another stroke of Death's Angel's rod—
 Another sign—an Eternal nod—
 And in Heaven God'll restore her).

And the Nun went back to her inner world
 And left her dear, fond mother :
 What a rock o'er that heart-tomb now is hurl'd,
 What a flag of hope is forever furl'd,
 What waves of grief on life's sea have curl'd,
 As they parted one the other !

The Nun still lives, but the mother's dead ;
 To the world the Nun's departed—
 The mother's soul from the earth has fled,
 No more on her home a light she'll shed
 The last grand rite o'er her tomb is said—
 Yet sadly adown the path we tread,
 The Nun moves broken-hearted.

They'll meet some day in a distant land,
 When the Nun sinks under the sacred sod !
 Their union then will be truly grand,
 By eternal breezes the future fanned—
 In the eyes of Him, 'neath His smilings bland—
 They'll grasp the gifts of His Holy Hand—
 The Hand of the Christian's God !



"LACLEDE."

(A tribute to one of Canada's most gifted men, greatest scholars and grandest writers —John Talon-Lesperance—"Laclede".)

NOT DEAD BUT !

We miss thy gentle touch "Laclede."
 Hast ceas'd to sow thy flowery seed ?
 Or hast thou snapp'd the bended reed,
 That long so pliant, now is freed
 From over strain, and will not heed
 The voices that for music plead ?

They say that thou art yet not dead,—
 Thy spirit has not homeward fled :
 They say..... but what they say we dread
 To hear, to know....., yes, leave unsaid
 The painful words. We all must shed
 Love's tears above thy lonely bed !

Thy life—alas ! too soon is done.
 Adown the West descends thy sun—
 A bright and golden course is run.
 The clouds of night have gathered dun,
 Before eve's twilight has begun.
 Thy silken thread of years is spun !

But thou hast left behind thee here,
 Gem upon gem of thought most clear :
 Fond hearts to whom thy face was dear,
 Sad hearts that oft thy words did cheer ; -
 We never dreamed the end so near ;
 Our tribute is a verse, a tear !

We'll live with thee as in the past.
 We seek thy thoughts,—from first to last,
 A shade upon them may be cast,
 But it can never dull, nor blast
 Their glow so bright, their depth so vast,
 With its grim shadow sadly ghaſt !

Farewell ! To thy ſweet flowers we turn,
 Whoſe leaves with autumn's crimſon burn :
 The ſadder thought, for aye, we ſpurn ;
 Thy days have paſſed to ne'er return,
 In one vaſt funeral pyre they burn :—
 But we ſhall keep the ſacred urn !

THE DEAD CHILD.

(WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE PARENTS OF A YOUNG AND
 BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WHO DIED AT QUEBEC, 1879.)

(*Air* : “ *The Exile of Erin.* ”)

'Twas eve as I ſtrayed towards the home of the lowly,
 Where the fair and the good have gone to their reſt ;
 Like the halo that gleams on the brow of the holy,
 The day-god, in ſplendor, was low in the Weſt.
 Thro' the ſhades of the twilight his laſt ray was ſtreaming,
 On the blue mountain-side his laſt light was beaming,
 Like the radiance of glory that ever is gleaming,
 Thro' the dark ſhrouds of death, on the home of the bleſt.

I ſtood by the mound where the fair one was ſleeping—
 Green, green was the graſs on that ſanctified ſod—
 The moon on the verge of the night-sky was creeping—
 All lonely I muſed and all ſilent I trod.

I stood where the spring-flowers in beauty were growing,
 A soft, gentle breeze o'er the churchyard was blowing,
 My thoughts were afar where the pure light is glowing
 Eternally bright 'round the white throne of God !

I thought of the one that was deep in the slumber,
 The sleep that shall end when the world is no more :
 I knelt on the grass and I slowly did number
 The rosary-beads, as the prayers did out pour.
 I thought of the world that was darkening around me,
 Of the woes, and the fears, and the pains that surround me,
 I thought of the ties that to earth long had bound me,
 And sighed for repose on Eternity's shore !

I thought how the sun in the grand West was sinking,
 His couch lit with hues, like the painting of dreams,—
 I thought how his steeds at its fountains were drinking—
 To refresh and invigor when a new morning beams.—
 And I thought how the soul that had left us did borrow
 New strength, like the sun, when the dark clouds of sorrow,
 Had fled from its face and it shone on the morrow,
 In the nimbus of glory that immortally gleams !

And I wept then no tear, for I knew that the maiden
 So lovely and pure, and so glowing and fair,
 In the rich light of heaven, at present was laden
 With the beauties that die not, eternally rare.
 We shall see thee no more, fairest Minnie, at morning,
 At eve, or at noon, thy own beauty adorning,
 But we think not on thee with the sad thoughts of mourning,
 We know we shall meet thee in happiness *there* !

Then sleep, Minnie dear, where in sorrow we laid thee,
 And rest till the note of thy triumph shall ring ;
 Ah ! sleep in the grave that, in weeping, we made thee,
 Unstained as the flake from the wintery wing.

We'll pray for and think of thee, Minnie, forever—
Forget thee, our child,—forget thee we'll never—
But wait for the hour when ne'er more to sever—
We join thee, with saints and with angels to sing !

THE HAND OF DEATH.

I

Have I not seen the sturdy oak,
Upon the rugged mountain side,
Fall smitten by the lightning stroke,
Its shattered strength, its ruined pride ?

Have I not seen the Hand of Death,
As rapidly as I have told,
Take from the powerful man the breath,—
Lay low the youthful and the bold,
As tho' they were but weak and old ?
Have I not seen them round me fall ?
And yet am I surviving all !

II

Have I not seen the mountain rill,
That leaped its silver course along—
Arrested by the icy, chill,
And frozen breath of winter strong ?

Have I not seen the youthful glow,
 Of health, and strength, and power,
 Within a moment stay its flow,
 As streamlet through the withered bower,
 When death has struck each beauteous flower ?
 Have I not seen youth fade away ?
 And yet am I alive to-day !

III

Have I not seen the autumn blast,
 The myriad leaves of summer strew ?
 Have I not seen the very last
 Of nature's splendors fade to view ?

Have I not seen the eve of life
 Fall darkly on the good and great ;
 The foremost in the glorious strife,
 The victims of the saddest fate—
 The poisoned sword of human hate ?
 Have I not wept the true and brave ?
 And I have yet to know the grave !

IV

Have I not heard the tempest loud,
 In roaring, booming, thundering might,—
 Have I not seen its angry cloud
 Across the azure dome night ?

Have I not heard the awful groan,
 Of nations in their mimic power ?
 Have I not heard the gasping moan,
 When knells their fated falling hour ?
 Have I not seen their tempests lower ?
 Have I not seen how mortals sink ?
 And yet have I the draught to drink !

V.

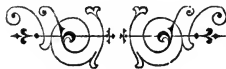
Have I not heard the ocean's roar,
As billows rush in fury on—
And lash the windings of the shore,
Until their maddened rage is gone ?

Have I not heard the waves of life,
Dash fiercely on the shores of time ;
Each breaker strengthened for the strife,
The lashing waves of sin and crime—
Unlike the quiet joy sublime ?
Have I not heard their awful roar ?
And yet I'm standing on the shore !

VI.

Have I not seen the golden sun,
In crimson splendor sink to rest,
When evening tells his course is done,
His glowing couch, the distant West ?

Have I not seen the saintly soul,
In holy splendor flee away ;
And gorgeously death's shadows roll,
As at the closing of the day ?
Have I not knelt me then to pray ?
To pray that when my end should come,
Tho' early be my lonely tomb,
That as I sink beneath the sod,
The splendid eve may come from God !



 IN MEMORIAM.

(ON THE DEATH OF RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JOHN A. MAC-
DONALD, G. C. B., ETC., PREMIER OF CANADA ;
DIED 6TH. JUNE, 1891.)

A hush has fallen on Canadian land !
A dark cloud hovers in Canadian skies,—
From end to end, from ocean strand to strand,
O'er verdant vales, o'er mountains towering grand,
An ashen veil of awful sorrow lies.
From out that silence, with an accent dread,
A voice proclaims—“ The Grand old Chief is dead ” !

A hush has fallen on Canadian land !
Thy very waves, Atlantic, seem to cease
Their roar, and kiss with grief our Eastern strand ;
While broad Pacific's billows, lordly, grand,
Creep softly up, as if some voice said “ Peace !
Disturb not this the nation's solemn grief—
She weeps to-night her well-tried, veteran Chief ” !

Like to a grief-bow'd creature, with soft tread,
Gliding, all silent, on through Death's dark hall,
Broad Ottawa's deep current seaward fled,
Noiseless, as if 'twere dumb with mighty dread.
O'er it, as o'er his country hangs a pall ;
At Earnsccliffe, on top-bow'd trees, each leaf
Rustles the words, “ He's dead—the great, good Chief.”

“ He’s dead ” ; ’twas heard at the far Rockies’ feet,
 Along Superior, o’er St. Lawrence tide ;
 Down by the sea these words each ear did greet ;
 ’Twas spoken here beside his vacant seat.
 ’Twas echoed from the Chamber’s every side,
 And through those gothic corridors it sped—
 “ Hush Canada, and weep ! Sir John is dead ! ”

Throughout the Empire’s mighty length and breadth,
 These words were heard ; and from the Sovereign Queen,
 Down to the humblest soul, with deep, sad breath,
 A million lips proclaim’d the news of death ;
 And as the stars in yonder concave seen,
 Countless are they whose eyes salt tears have shed,
 Whose hearts grew still to hear “ Sir John is dead ! ”

Silence now broods through all a mourning land, —
 Then let the muse be silent like the rest !
 His monument is Canada ; and grand,
 And great his deathless name shall stand
 Upon that shaft, above her first and best !
 And he shall live, ’till Time’s last hour has sped,
 In Hist’ry’s shrine ; he sleeps—Sir John’s not dead !

Oh, Canada ! oh, young Dominion fair,
 Advance, rise higher, and expand in might !
 ’Twas his desire, his hope, his constant prayer ;—
 For such his life of work and ceaseless care, —
 To see Thee glorious in the nations’ sight ;
 For such the rugged path of strife he trod !
 He is not dead—though ’neath Canadian sod !
 He is not dead—he lives with us, and God !

House of Commons, Ottawa, }
 8th June, 1891. }

THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

(On the occasion of the State Funeral, commenced in England and terminated in Canada, of the late Sir John S. D. Thompson, P. C., K. C. M. G., Premier of the Dominion.)

In the presence of our Monarch,
 almost at her feet to die !
 When his sun of life was flashing
 in the zenith of its sky ;
 When the earthly path of glory,
 with successful feet, was trod ;
 Thus to pass from out a palace
 through the palace-gates of God !
 While the murmurs of his triumph
 through historic Windsor ring,
 Comes an angel, swiftly rushing,
 on his dark, electric wing ;
 Like a lightning-flash that spirit,
 with his mandate came and fled ;
 But the giant oak was shattered—
 lo ! the honored one was dead !

Royal tributes out of number
 scattered on his glorious bier ;
 Garland, wreath and fond inscription,
 kindly word, and sigh, and tear,
 Curfew-bell and half-mast standard,
 warlike pageant, solemn state,
 'Midst which Queenly eyes are watching
 as they bear him thro' the gate.
 London, in its great confusion,
 with its rush and crush of men,

Pauses for a breathless moment
at the tolling of " Big Ben " ;
While the heart of all the Empire
seems to beat in muffled tone,
As the news of death is speeding
round the world, from zone to zone.

In the temple lighted tapers,
and the incense-perfumed air,
As the Church, in sombre greatness,
offers up the *requiem* prayer.
With his crucifix beside him,
with his rosary by his side—
Rests he near the sacred altar,
in regalia as he died.
Meanwhile forth an order goeth
to Great Britain's iron fleet,
Her leviathans, awaiting
at Gibraltar's granite feet ;
See, the Blenheim weighs her anchor,
and 'midst Biscay's breaker foam,
Swiftly cleaves her giant pathway,
as she heads her prow for home.

Not the conqu'ring Roman galleys ;
not the gilded prows of Greece ;
Not the argosies triumphant,
bearing home the " Golden Fleece ; "
Not that vessel surging France-ward,
from St. Helen's lonely rock ;
Not the proudest British warship,
thunder-brimmed for battle's shock ;
Not thy caravels, Columbus,
seeking out the Western world,

Sped upon more solemn mission,
 or with sadder flags unfurl'd.
Black and moving sarcophagus,
 plunging o'er Atlantic's breast,
The transformed Blenheim carries
 the dead Premier home to rest.

When, at eve, the fiery chargers
 of the sun have stoop'd to drink,
And the pallid moon is hanging
 on horizon's dizzy brink,
O'er the vastness of the ocean
 the Almighty seems to bend,
And to watch the funeral vessel,
 as the shades of night descend.
Loudly through the steel-clad rigging
 how the wailing tempest raves,
As a billion stars are gazing
 on the wilderness of waves ;
Like the phantom-ship of story,
 with its hull of deepest black,
Swiftly speeds the throbbing monster,
 on its phosphorescent track.

Meanwhile thousands are awaiting,
 in the silence deep of grief,—
Canada's great breast is heaving,
 anxious for the grand relief,
When the flood of her affection,
 like a pent-up lake, may burst,
And, in gathering strength and volume,
 swell around the one she nurs'd ;
Eyes are fixed upon the signals,
 eyes are straining, where afar,

By the blue horizon's circle
 must appear the man-of-war.
"On the first noon of the New Year"—
 the command that England gave ;
On that day, as flashed the noon-gun,
 dropped the anchor in the wave.

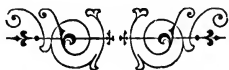
Prelates, warriors, statesmen gather,
 from all sections of the land ;
'Round that bier a nation's greatest,
 with her humblest, weeping stand :
From the Governor and Consort,
 to the lowliest peasant, all
In procession, speechless, breathless,
 throng the Legislative Hall.
Creeds are blending, strife forgotten,
 manly tears are freely shed,
As the thousands surge in silence
 past the casket of the dead.
Glorious tribute, from Atlantic
 to Pacific's lordly wave,
Come the garland-gifts of sorrow
 for the Premier's hallowed grave.

In St. Mary's what a concourse,
 as the sombre drappings fall
In profusion and in richness,
 o'er the gorgeous funeral pall.
While the *Dies Iræ* rises, in a vast,
 harmonic swell,
From the steeples of the nation
 comes the universal knell.
Acolytes are moving slowly,
 thurifers their censers swing.

Loudly peals the deep-ton'd organ,
solemnly the prelates sing ;
Words of praise come from the pulpit,
ere the Church's rites are done.
"Dust to dust"—the nation weepeth
o'er her dead, but deathless son.

Once again the martial music
breaks upon the winter's air,
As the vast procession forms
'round the sacred House of Prayer.
Funeral march, reversed arms,
muffled drums and steady pace,
As the "deathless dead" is borne
to his last long resting-place.
Let us pray that his example
may be cherished with his name ;
He is now beyond the clangor
of ambition, strife, or fame,
Rest his ashes, as he'd wish it,
'neath his lov'd Canadian sod ;
Rest his soul, in joys eternal,
in the mansions bright of God !

Montreal, January 3, 1895.



IN MEMORIAM. *

(To the memory of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, Editor of the Boston "Pilot," and Irish-American Poet.)

Like the sun that sinks in the western skies,
 Like the star that high in azure dies,
 Like the hope that lives, but fleetly flies,
 You have passed from the ways of men ;
 Like that sun you arise in another sphere,
 Like that star in our history you appear,
 Like that hope we behold your bright career,
 Close quickly and gloriously ; but then

You've left behind a departing ray,
 Like that sun, that sinks at the close of day,
 And well may your fellow-people say,
 " He has nobly done his part."
 As poet, patriot, man of worth,
 As hero, statesman (soul of mirth !),
 As lover true to your land of birth—
 You've proved your faith and heart.

Gone ! and the Irish race shall weep,
 O'er the grave where the deepest shadows creep,
 To tell their tale ; while you calmly sleep
 'Neath America's sacred sod !

* The poem in memory of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, which appears in this issue of *The Citizen*, was written by Mr. Foran last evening. The composition of the poem took less than twenty minutes. It is in reality an impromptu — *The Ottawa Citizen*, Aug. 12th 1890.

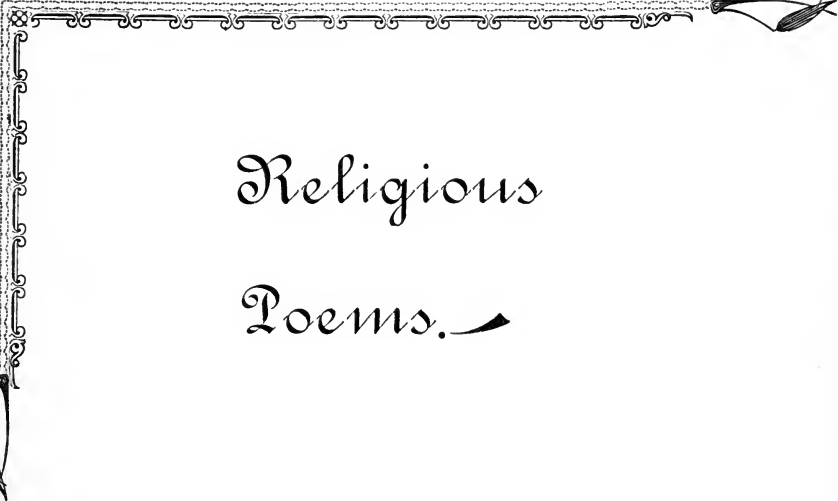
True to your country ; true to all ;
Upon your sombre funeral pall,
The tears of a thousand exiles fall,
While they pray for you to God !

The "Trapper" sleeps 'neath the Southern trees ;
His grave is fanned by the passing breeze,
All wept his loss ; but more true than these,
A million weep *your* loss.
Man of that class, men call *elite* ;
Who can your noble verse repeat,
Of joy so full, of grief replete,
Like the sorrows of the cross ?

None ! but your works shall live full long,
Their feelings mild, their feelings strong,
In prose, or verse, in work, or song,
Shall speak your well-earned fame ;
And all the world shall sadly grieve
For you ; and none can e'er believe
That you could to your people leave
Aught but a glorious name !

Ottawa, Aug, 11th, 1890.





Religious
Poems.

REV. DR. TABARET, O. M. I.

(Addressed to Mr Forbes, the artist, who painted the portrait of Rev. Father Tabaret D. D., O. M. I., in June 1879.)

Painter ! thou art asked to throw
 On thy canvas life and splendor ;
 Let each color brightly glow—
 With a radiance soft and tender.
 Take thy pencil in thy hand,
 Draw the artist's mantle o'er thee, /
 For thy task is great and grand,
 Thou hast now a priest before thee !

Trace affections warm and mild,
 In each feature fondly shining ;
 Trace the innocence of child
 With the strength of man combining ;
 Trace the nimbus of the saint,
 Not in halo outward gleaming,
 But, if thou canst, fairly paint
 Piety in grandeur beaming !

Thou canst trace with pencil true,
 Scenes upon life's mighty ocean.
 Canst thou give the proper hue
 To a vast and pure devotion ?
 Thou canst trace the mountain high,
 In in awful strength ascending :
 Canst thou show how powerfully,
 Faith, in man, with friendship's blending ?

Painter ! let the eye be bright,
Like a mirror, soul-reflecting ;
Make the hand from wrong to right,
Youth and age at once directing ;
Make his lips—if thou canst make—
With some kindly word in motion,
Praying for a people's sake,
Mingled with a heart's devotion !

Thou hast seen the prism bright,
Decomposing rays of heaven ;
Thou hast seen the beam of light,
Like the divers hues of even.
Thus the soul that's pure with love,
Drinks the ray from glory streaming,
And as hues, from God above,
Seven gifts are brightly gleaming.

Painter ! stay thy hand a while,
Study well the one before thee ;
Mark the father in the smile,
As he's bending, artist, o'er thee !
Mark the brow so large and high !
Mark each feature mind revealing !
Mark the flashing of the eye—
When the heart is touched to feeling !

If thou nobly dost thy task,
If thou 'fillest well thy duty,
Painter, nothing more we ask,
Grand shall be thy work of beauty.
We shall see the mind and heart,
Every noble passion swelling ;
We shall read the hidden chart
Where the glowing thoughts are dwelling !

Painter ! strength be in thy hand,
 Let thine eye be true in tracing ;
 Thou hast got a subject grand,
 Thousand splendors interlacing.
 Painter ! do thy duty well,
 Fame will crown thy great endeavor ;
 Let the future ages tell
 How thy name shall sound forever !

CHURCH BELLS !

Ring bells of the *morning*, oh, sweet is your ringing,
 Peal forth while the dew-drops are yet on the sod,
 The faithful are saying their matins and praying,
 Their souls they are lifting and offering to God !

Sound bells of the *noon-tide*—how solemn your sounding,
 The world is alive in its tumult and care,
 Your voice, slowly stealing, is sadly appealing
 To man, for a moment of quiet and prayer !

Chime bells of the *evening*, oh, soft is your chiming,
 Like echoes that fall from the choir of the Blest ;
 And thus, in your falling, to man you are calling,
 To whisper a prayer, as he takes him to rest.

And bells of the *christ'ning*, how strange is your ringing ;
 You tell us one other has started in life,—
 That sin's shadows dismal, in waters baptismal,
 Are lost—and a child is commencing the strife.

The bells for the *wedding* are swelling and sounding,
They ring on the ear with a joyous delight ;
And loud in that swelling to man they are telling—
Two souls are united and bless'd in God's sight.

Toll bells for *departed* ! sad, solemn your tolling,
The glare of the world, and its pomp, and its pride,
Sound vain in your knelling, that's mournfully welling,
As hour after hour some poor mortal has died !

Ring bells of the temple—your voices are truthful,
Continu'lly preaching of life and of death,—
To prayer all inviting—to prayer all inciting—
To heaven directing in every breath !

Twice blessed the custom, so holy, so olden,
The *Catholic* custom in every land ;
The church bells are teaching, the church bells are preaching
These lessons of life in their melody grand !

THE LORD'S PRAYER !

“ *Our Father* ”, prayed the Lord of Love,
“ *Who art in Heaven* ”, far above
The sinfulness and woes of earth,
Where We have had Co-Eval birth,
“ *Hallowed be* ” to all, “ *Thy name.* ”
From vast Eternity Thy fame
Has left Thy myriad creatures dumb ;
I pray to Thee “ *Thy Kingdom come* ” :

II

She is standing, standing only,
Are her feelings sad and lonely?
Where is He that one who won her
in her youth, and bloom, and pride?
Where is He that is to take her?
Where is He that is to make her
For His life-time, for her life-time,
His beloved, charming bride?

III

Why is He not standing near her?
Why is He not there to cheer her,
And to bless her and to take her
by that white extended hand?
Where is He that was to wed her?
Can it be that He has fled her?
Where is He—the first should kiss her—
kiss those lips so smiling bland?

IV

Ah! then fear not, He is waiting,
And her soul with joy elating,
He is hoping that His fair one
will not leave Him lonely now:
And altho' the Bridegroom seemeth,
Far, far from her, as she dreameth,
Speaking low, in accents tender
Her eternal, sacred vow!

VIII

Yes, the veil that hides His beaming,
 Even from this loved one dreaming,
 For a time shall hang impervious,
 keeping Him from her apart ;
 She must wait in hope and loving,
 For He yet requires a proving,
 For this youthful bride is wedded,
 wedded to The Sacred Heart !

THE "ANGELUS BIRD."

(In the woods of Guiana and Paraguay, there is a bird known by its beautiful plumage, and more especially by its wonderful song. Each day, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset it is heard to sing. Its notes consist of three distinct sounds like the toll of a distant bell whence its name—"The Angelus Bird.")

In the woods of Guiana there hovers a bird,
 Whose plumage is gorgeous and notes are sublime ;
 Thrice daily its carol is distantly heard,
 Like the sweet, solemn toll of the Angelus chime.

At morning it wakens the echoes around,
 With the ring of its magical, sacred notes ;
 At noon can be heard its thrice-uttered sound,
 And at eve, thro' the forest, its soft measure floats.

'Tis the "Angelus Bird," of Paraguay's coast,
 That chants the grand key of the holiest prayer,
 Its altar the forest—the day-god its host—
 The heaven its vault—what temple so fair !

'Twould seem that when darkness o'er-shadow'd the land,
 And the light of the Christian was yet to be seen,
 That the God of Creation created this grand
 Living bell, to intone the pure hymn o'er the scene !

From the moment 'twas said that the Mother should be
 " Hailed Blessed," all over the earth, by the Word,
 E'en the savage afar, by that Southern Sea,
 Could hear her true praise in the " Angelus Bird."

While temples were torn by iconoclast hands,
 And the Faith of Redemption shone only in blood,
 When the praise of the Virgin, in civilized lands,
 Was hushed,—il was heard in Paraguay's wood.

The bells might be silent all over the world,
 The toll of the Angelus never be heard,
 Yet nature the banner of Christ holds unfurl'd,
 And His mother is blessed by the " Angelus Bird."

Grant, Mother of God, that a lesson we take,
 From this creature so strange, so truly sublime ;
 Let us honor the bird that such music can make,
 May silence ne'er muffle its Angelus chime."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

ANNO DOMINI — 24TH DECEMBER.

Dark cold is the night, as the winter clouds flying,
 Across the blue dome of the Orient sweep ;
 Chill, chill are the sheep on the mountain-side lying,
 Bright, twinkling the stars from the firmament peep.

Deserted the flocks o'er the hill-tops are straying,
 To Bethlehem's town have the shepherds returned,
 They kneel at a manger, and lowly are praying,
 With the flame of devotion their spirits are burned.

Pale, white fall the moonbeams on streamlet and mountains,
 Grim, ghastly the walls of the cities appear,
 No sound wakes the echoes by Elim's * dark fountains,
 The elements hush'd as though breathless in fear.
 Dark torrent of Cedron now rushing and roaring,
 Seems check'd by the hand of some spirit from high,
 Now silent its waves through the valley are pouring,
 Hush ! hark ! what grand chorus descends from the sky :

A light flasheth out from the dark clouded heaven,—
 It gleams on the hill-tops, its shines o'er the vale,
 As though the last trumpet's loud peals had been given,
 The echoes start up on the wings of the gale !
 Mount Olivet's heights with a radiance are beaming,
 Rough Golgotha's ** summit in splendor is bright,
 The valley of Giants—Jehosophate's gleaming,
 Jerusalem's temple is flooded with light !

The echoes Judæan are rising and singing
 The notes that descend from the still winter sky !
 Hark ! hark ! o'er the mountains and valleys is ringing,
 " Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! "
 The seraphim hosts from the heavens are singing,
 " Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! "
 The echoes are catching, repeating, and ringing,
 " Glory, all glory to God the Most High ! "

* The twelve fountains where the Israelites drank in the Desert of Sin.

** H-brew for Calvary.

DECEMBER 25TH, ANNO DOMINI, 1879.

Dark, solemn the flood of St. Lawrence is sweeping,
 Through the forest of ages, primeval and grand ;
 Dim, pale in the sky are the winter lights peeping,
 Cold, chill is the mantle that covers the land.
 Grand, lofty Mount Royal is touching the heaven,
 Calm, silent the city is stretched at its feet,
 Not a sound can be heard on the breezes of even',
 Dark, sombre the mountain—deserted the street.

Hark ! hark ! a soft sound on the night air is breaking,
 Lo ! light in the distance in brilliancy gleams ;
 The city is stirring, the world is awaking,—
 Strange, ghostly the scene, “ as the painting of dreams.”
 Peal, peal, the great bell in yon tower is vibrating ;
 Mark, mark how the faithful are moving along !
 In the temple afar a Redeemer is waiting,
 And Bethlehem's angel repeateth his song !

As we enter the organ right loudly is pealing,
 The acolytes move and the choristers sing ;
 Sweet, solemn the notes round the altar are stealing,
 The smoke-wreathing censers the thurifers swing.
 In his white robes of splendor the pontiff is praying,
 Bright jewels the mitre and vestments adorn,
 And grand are the Masses the pontiff is saying,
 The Mass of the midnight—the Mass of the morn !

In thousands the faithful are kneeling around him,
 And thousand the eyes that are dim in their tears ;
 They sought for the Child—in a manger they found Him,
 Like an Infant of Mercy sweet Jesus appears.
 In the vault of the temple the angel harp ringing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”
 The organ is pealing, the choristers singing,
 “ Glory ! all glory to God the Most High ! ”

A SONG FOR ALL.

I

Will I sing you a song, a Christmas song,
That must be for the young and old ?
That will nerve the weak, that will guide the strong,
That will honor right and will censure wrong,
That will reach the ear of the giddy throng,
And the hearts that are growing cold ?

II

Or, a song will I sing of the holy night,
And the rays of that Orient star,
That shed o'er the hills its golden light,
Like an angel's face in its grandeur bright,
To lead the Kings to the *King of Might*,
In the land where His footprints are ?

III

Or, a song will I sing, like a lonely wail
That comes on the winter's wing ;
Like the deep, sad moan of mid-night gale,
When the stars grow dim, and the moon grows pale,
And the ghosts of our memories seem to sail
On the wind, as I strive to sing ?

IV

Or, a song that will sound like a gush of tears,
Or, mighty river in giant sweep,
Bearing the weight of our hopes and fears,
The thoughts of the dead and vanished years,
Widening and deepening as it nears
The shores of the endless deep ?

V

A Song for All! It is hard to sing :
For some are old and some are young.
The one likes the notes with a mournful ring,
The other tunes on a livelier string,
To please them both I fain would bring,
All the songs that have been sung !

VI

But I know a song that was sung for *All*,
In the years long, long ago.
The harp was tuned in the Father's Hall,
And the hymn on the centuries seemed to fall,
Like the sweet refrain of the sweetest call,
That the listening ages know !

VII

'Twas a Christmas song that the angels sang,
For *All* their song was sung ;
And deep in Judæa's vales it rang,
From Bethlehem's hills the echo sprang,
As the first low cry and first deep pang
Of Redemption's work begun !

VIII

And why should I strive to sing to-night,
When loud on December's blast,
The Angel's strain—like the silver light,
When, myriad stars in heaven are bright,
Still, still to earthward wings its flight,
And through countless ages passed

IX

I will sing no song ! No *glorias* I
 Can give to the world to-night ;
 But list, and you'll hear in yonder sky,
 The chant of the ages long gone by.
 A hymn that was born to never die,
 'Till, o'er Time's dark shades, Eternity
 Shall dawn in refulgence bright !

ROSH HASHANAH.

THE HEBREW NEW-YEAR—ANNO MUNDI, 5649.

(The following lines, were written as a New-Year's greeting to the Rev. Rabbi Friedlander :)

I stood, to-day, in a temple,
 Like one of the olden time ;
 And I dreamt a dream, recalling
 The scene in an Orient clime ;
 And I felt, though somewhat strangely,
 An influence sublime !

And before me hung the tablets
 Of the old Mosaic law ;
 And the white-robed ancient Rabbis,
 Again, in that dream, I saw ;
 And the Hebrew psalms were chanted,
 Those hymns of praise and awe.

And Israel's pristine splendor
Arose, as in days of old,
When prophet after prophet,
His tale of promise told ;
And the the shades of by-gone glories
Before my vision rolled.

'Tis the new-year of the Hebrew,
That ancient, sacred day,
When the memories of the ages
Awake from time's decay,
And the hopes of future glories
Are bright as the morning's ray.

I beheld the chosen children
Of the Great Eternal God,
Still bend, in mute submission,
To sorrow's painful rod ;
Desirous still to follow
The road by their fathers' trod.

And I asked if a faith so lofty
Could be but a passing show ?
And the echoes of the by-gone
Replied to my doubtings, " No."
And I felt in their constant waiting
Their strength must finally grow !

'Tis true my faith does differ,
From that of this " Ancient Race ;"
But am I the one to judge them ?
Or is it my given place
To say that they err 'gainst heaven,
Or its wise decrees efface ?

We talk of the Christian's loving,
And the charity that is due
To all, whom the Hand Almighty,
From the depths of chaos drew,
Be they atheist, or pagan,
Be they Christian, or Jew !

Then why not have that feeling
For those of the olden creed ?
From the bondage of their sorrows
They wish but to be freed ;
They hope in a great Messiah,
Their troubled ranks to lead.

Then freely I wish them pleasure,
At the dawning of their year ;
And gladly would I witness
Their last lamenting tear ;
For their faith is strong and steadfast,
In their own esteemed career !

Then, Rabbi, let me wish you,
A happy life, full long,
Replete with choicest blessings,
Devoid of care and wrong ;
And may the joys of New-Year
Around your future throng !

Montreal, Sept. 6th, 1888, Christian era.



PRESENTATION.

(By the Alumnae and pupils of Notre-Dame du Sacré-Cœur, Ottawa, of a portrait of the Superioress, Rev. Sister Theresa, (Sister O'Hagan) to the Pensionate of Notre Dame.)

To this home of our youth where our spring-time
 went by on the wings of the dove,
We fain would present a slight token,
 to record our filial love :
To tell unto those who come after,
 how truly we thought of our home ;
To inspire by our act and example,
 Notre Dame, all thy children to come.
A portrait of some one we'll offer,
 a gift to thy shrine, from us all,
To hang, a memorial forever,
 in the shade of our dear convent hall ;
A portrait of one who has guided
 its destiny on to our time—
Who watched o'er its birth and its rising,
 with love and devotion sublime !

And years upon years will roll onward,
 towards the goal of eternity sped,
And the one whom we honor this even,
 will be numbered along with the dead ;
And another her place will be taking,
 and we, too, shall all be no more,
But her memory will long here survive her,
 and she'll live as she lived here before.

For her effigie, glowing and smiling,
 on the children of future will smile,
 And tho' changed be the scenes in the convent
 she'll linger within it the while,—
 She will leave not the scenes of her labor,
 the halls that so often she trod—
 And her presence will beam on our convent,
 when her spirit is beaming with God !

'Tis for this that to-day we're collecting,
 'round the shrine of our love, we unite,
 To honor the mother who watched us,
 in days when our sorrows were light ;
 'Tis for this that the artist, with pencil,
 on the void of the canvas did trace
 The features of one who this even
 doth this scene of festivity grace.
 And for this are the harps sweetly sounding,
 and chorus of joy we upraise,
 And the tongues of her children are telling
 of their mother the merited praise ;
 And the hearts of each person is gladsome,
 and all care, for a moment, is o'er,
 And we live in our convent this even,
 as of old, we have lived here before.

Accept then, oh ! home of our childhood !
 oh, scene of our long vanished joy, —
 The token thy children are bringing,
 while thy blessings once more they enjoy.
 Accept of thy mother and guardian
 the features that never shall fade,
 Accept for thy halls this memento
 that thy children, with affection, have made.

May her years be both lengthy and happy,
 may she live to behold you progress,
 May her labors, and those of her sisters,
 forever be crowned with success ;
 May her memory forever be cherished
 in the halls of our convent so fair,
 With *this* TOKEN *of* LOVE from her children,
 is their fervent, affectionate prayer.

A SOUVENIR.

(Lines written for the Ursulines of Three Rivers, on the occasion of a visit paid to their Monastery, by Mrs Foran and the writer.)

Onward to ocean broad St. Lawrence sweeps ;
 Tumbling down granite stairways from the North,
 St. Maurice through the mountain barrier leaps,
 Then silent from the wilderness comes forth.
 Far o'er the pine-hills of the flushing East,
 The streaks of dawn proclaim that day is nigh ;
 The sun appears—like some most gorgeous priest,
 Ascending to the altar of the sky.

Far to the North rocks after rocks extend ;
 Off to the West the path by martyrs trod ;
 The Past and Future, where the rivers blend,
 Unite beneath a roof-tree blessed of God.
 Three Rivers' ancient story rises here,
 The glorious pictures that were made to last ;
 Laviolette, DeRamsay—all appear,
 Like giant phantoms looming from the past.

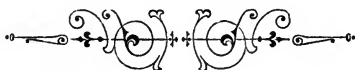
And in the vast expanse that we behold,
A pyramid towers grandly up from Time,—
Around its base a country's hopes unfold,
Around its summit glitter rays sublime,—
Upon its pedestal is carved a name,
Saint Vallier, Bishop, pioneer and saint ;
Three Rivers' echoes still repeat his fame,
Unlike earth's glories, his devoid of taint.

Within St. Ursule's silent, saintly home,
All these—the relics of the Past—we see,—
There where the immortal, mighty Faith of Rome,
By Virgin hands, is tended tenderly.
The Past arises in that convent's shrine,
Preserved by those who mould the Future's youth ;
Mission most holy, work that is divine,
The conservation of the Church's Truth.

God bless their labor, and those children, who
Their saintly mother Ursule's mandates keep ;
Endless the meed of gratitude that's due,
For cloistered, silent heroism deep.
Oh monastery young, yet ever old,
Conservatory of the flowers of Truth—
Preserver of the Past, let it be told,
You are the cradle of our virtuous youth !

Go on in hope beneath His smile or rod ;
You are co-workers in the work of God !

Three Rivers, P. Q., Feast of the Assumption, 1894.



ODE TO ST. CATHERINE

(25TH NOVEMBER 1878.)

It is St. Catherine's holy night, and joyously we throng,
 Beneath the glare of many a light, with tributary song,
 To hail this joyous, mirthful eve,
 And loudly to proclaim, the glories of her name,
 And in a simple ode to weave
 A martyr's chaplet fair, a Virgin's virtues rare—
 Within the halls of Notre Dame !

A thousand lengthy years have roll'd into Eternity,
 Since first the glorious tale was told of pure virginity,
 Of strongest faith, of spotless love ;
 Of martyr's halo'd crown. of tyrant's cursed frown,
 Of thousand graces from above,
 Of fair and tender youth, of Faith, of Hope, of Truth,
 St. Catherine's wide renown !

Scarce eighteen summers deck'd the hills,
 with million beauties rare,
 Scarce eighteen winters checked the rills,
 or left the forests bare,
 Since Catherine first beheld the light.
 In Alexandria proud, with acclamations loud,
 Now full ten thousand torches bright,
 In solemn mid-night air, with flickering motion flare,
 And tell a " persecution night " !

Upon his guilty throne sits Maximinus the bold,
 The persecution fire, by fits, its wreathy volumes roll'd—
 The rack upon his right is placed,

The purchased menials stand, awaiting his command,
 With sword in hand and belt unlaced,
 A dark and cruel man, the tyrant's rage to fan,
 The Panorama graced.

Hark ! to the cries that rise without,
 where stands the bloody throng ;
 Distinct and fearful is the shout
 that echoing vaults prolong,
 " To torture with the Christians—Death !
 Revenge, revenge the Gods ! " The pagan tyrant nods
 Assent ; and hushed is every breath,
 When from the swaying crowd, a maid proclaims aloud,
 Her Faith—the mass re-echoes " Death ! "

Come philosophic men and hear,
 for you can comprehend,
 How, proof against all sense of fear,
 this simple child did bend
 The adamantine pagan hearts—
 Of Alexandian sages ! But, see the tyrant rages,
 As from his side Porphyria starts—
 His own beloved wife—the idol of his life—
 Converted—from her husband parts !

Wild consternation rises now ;
 hell's fury fills each breast --
 With swarthy shadow on his brow,
 the tyrant's mad behest
 Goes forth—" The rack ! to torture's fire ! "
 The martyr's bed of steel, the iron Damien wheel,
 Receive the tender maiden. Ire
 Becomes contagious madness, with heathen demon gladness,
 Maximinus cries—" Now wretch expire ! "

Great Saint, to-night in joy we meet
 to hail thy glorious name !
The virtues of thy heart to greet,
 thine honor to proclaim !
 To chant thy praise in humble strain !
Thy Faith, thy Hope, thy Love—
 meek as the turtle-dove—
 As winter's flake devoid of stain.
Thou wert in God and God in thee ;
 thy prisoned spirit sought the free.
 The golden promised land to gain !
Thy life is done—thy course is run—
 Nor is it run in vain !



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Jesuit

Poems—

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

(EXERCISE NO. 20 — OF ST. IGNATIUS.)

Behold a great monarch in glory advancing ;
 Beloved of all nations, obeyed by them all ;
 The grandeur of Hope, on his banner is glancing,—
 How the people flock round at his trumpet's first call !
 He is prudent and wise, both courageous and just—
 And his standard will rise, o'er his enemy's dust !

He speaks to his subjects in tones of devotion,
 " The infidel hordes of the earth must lie low,"—
 Like a tide rising fast on a basalt-bound ocean,
 The pride and the faith of his soldiers o'er-flow.
 " For you are the spoils, and victory's pleasure,
 For *me* be the toils, that shall win you the treasure ! "

" In hardships I'll lead and be first in the danger,
 You'll follow, 'tis all that I ask of you now,—
 I'll suffer all pain in the land of the stranger,
 'Till the infidel hosts in my presence shall bow,
 Then lo ! let us on, though the field may be gory,
 Our victory is won, if you join in the glory ! "

Then who is the coward that would shrink from the battle—
 When invited by one of such generous heart ?
 The sabres may flash and the cannon may rattle,
 And cowardly the one who could shrink from his part.
 Is there one could refuse all his efforts to bring,
 All his strength to infuse in the cause of that King ?

That monarch is Christ, the Holy, Eternal,
The King of all Angels, of Heaven the King,
The Terror of Hell and its legions infernal,
His praises the hosts of the seraphim sing !
The Son of the Queen who is Virgin and Mother,
To man He has been, both Saviour and Brother !

The laws that He made He was first to obey them,
The counsels He gave were both simple and true,—
His legions of soldiers, were He to array them,
Would fill the vast space in yon concave of blue ;
He came down to earth, for that glorious strife,
To give man a new birth and Eternity's life !

He has offered to lead in the vanguard of sorrow—
To "fight the good fight" in pain and in woe,—
To you has He promised a glorious morrow ;
He gives you the spoils, He but asks you to go !
He offers to bear all the burdens alone ;
The thorns he will wear, and let your's be the throne !

Come ! Let us not sink to the coward's lowly level,—
Let us join in the ranks of that Leader Divine :
Let us fight by His side 'gainst the flag of the Devil,
Come soldiers of Christ ! now fall into line !
The victory is sure, for He's in the van—
And the spoils are secure, for the God-fearing man !



AT THE JESUIT NOVITIATE, SAULT-
AU-RECOLLET, P. Q.

Within those lengthy corridors a solemn peace
Reigns, like a spell of sweet enchantment blest,
My heart itself I almost feel could cease
To beat its muffled pulsings in my breast.
Without, the sun is sinking slowly to the west ;
The only sounds, a bird's note and the breeze,
That sings an anthem unto joy and rest,
And murmurs hymnings through the stately trees.

The lengthy walks, the varied colored flowers,
The rich perfume that on the air is sent,
The convent's stillness and the church's towers,
The cloistered brothers in devotion bent.
The youthful novices with beads intent,
All, and like summer's most delicious showers,
Fell softly on my troubled soul, and lent
A tranquil glory to those sacred hours.

How can I picture all the joy one feels,
When silent, cloistered in seclusion here ?
Celestial peace upon his being steals,
No worldly care, no passing worldly fear ;
A smile of bliss, perchance repentance tear,
Like Eastern balm the wounded spirit heals ;
The bustling world seems lonely, sad and drear,
Compared to prayer when convent belfry peals.

Dear home of Faith, I've learned to love you well,
 In after years, whatever road I've trod,
 I'll hear the tinkling of your blessed bell,
 Recalling me to prayer, to faith, to God.
 The Jesuit Fathers who beneath the sod
 In yonder graveyard sleep, whose knell
 Was rung by you, rest not more calm with God,
 Than their survivors, who in peace here dwell.

Domus Probationis S. J. St. Joseph, ad Saltum Recollectorum.

REFLECTIONS.

IN THE JESUIT GRAVEYARD, SAULT AU RECOLLET.

Brightly the sun, one summer's day,
 Shed on the earth his burning ray,
 When thoughtfully I knelt to pray,
Dona eis Requiem !

'Twas in a simple graveyard lone,
 Where monument and costly stone,
 Above a mound, had ne'er been known ;
Dona eis Requiem !

'Twas where the Jesuit Fathers rest ;
 A simple cross above each breast,
 They sleep the slumber of the Blest,
Dona eis Requiem !

Both old and young are side by side,
No mark of worldly pomp and pride,
Just as they lived so have they died ;
Dona eis Requiem !

The Priest, Scholastic, Novice there,
One common plot of ground must share,
“ Naught can avail them now but prayer,”
Dona eis Requiem !

They walked the road by Jesus trod,
They rest beneath that blessed sod,
Their spirits reign on high with God,
Dona eis Requiem !

What matters now the rush and din
Of worldly joys that seek to win
The soul immortal unto sin ?
Dona eis Requiem !

“ Ashes to ashes ; dust to dust ; ”
They died as die the good and just,
Placing in God their faith and trust,
Dona eis Requiem !

They died as stars, whose every ray
Is lost in the dawning of the day ;
Then let us kneel and humbly pray
Dona eis Requiem !

Ye who accuse them, do not fear
To walk that graveyard lone and drear,
You need not pray, nor drop a tear,
Dona eis Requiem !

But read the lesson they have taught,
 How life and worldly gain in naught,
 Christ's battle only have they fought,
Dona eis Requiem !

To live like them in virtue's glôw !
 "Merry 'twere unto the grave to go,
 If one were sure to be buried so."
Dona eis Requiem !

GOOD-BYE TO THE SAULT. *

THE JESUIT NOVITIATE.

Au revoir, not *Adieu*, dear refuge to you,
 Sweet spot of contentment and love,
 Again, do I pray, that returning some day,
 Once more in your stillness I'll rove ;
 What greatness you've wrought, what lessons you've taught,
 I shall cherish wherever I go—
 And my soul shall still burn, for a day to return
 To the dearly loved shrine at the Sault.

May Heaven's own peace, in your cloister increase,
 May the blessings of happiness shine,
 Like the glorious blaze of Divinity's rays,
 'Round your humble and purified shrine !
 May the Saviour's great love, from His mansions above,
 Fall fair as the crystals of snow,
 That feathery and white drop from regions of light,
 And in purity rest on the Sault.

* Pronounced "So."

More precious than gold are the treasures untold
 That are hid in your silent abode ;
 And a halo of grace illumines the place
 Where perpetually dwelleth our God.
 The turmoil and din and the blackness of sin,
 Your corridors never shall know ;
 But glorious and bright be the heaven-born light,
 That shall constantly flash on the Sault.

The man doomed to fight in the battle of right,
 With temptations unnumbered around,
 Can feel a relief, though the moment be brief,
 As he walks on your sanctified ground.
 And he leaves it with pain, in the hope that again,
 Ere his days shall be numbered below,
 That returning to rest in this home ever blest,
 He may kneel once again at the Sault.

May tyranny's hand never strike at the band
 Of soldiers that Christ has array'd,
 In this fortress of love, where His word from above,
 Is respected, is honored, obeyed !
 May the standard of God, wave over our sod,
 In the flush of prosperity's glow ;
 May our country behold that banner unrolled
 By the garrison now at the Sault !

Au revoir not *Adieu*, Oh ! be faithful and true ;
 May no wickedness cause you to fear—
 In your phalanx is strength that, in glory at length,
 The standard of Christ shall uprear.
 Like dew from above, may the treasures of love—
 Refreshment and pleasure bestow ;
 If Humility meek a last refuge would seek—
 In Obedience, 'twill be at the Sault.

Domus Probationis S. J. St. Joseph, ad Saltum Recollectorum.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS.


TO BROTHER ALICK A. GAGNIEUR, S. J.

Recollect you the night that we went for a ramble,
Over pasture and meadow, by hillock and wood,
By the rough, stony fence, where the raspberry bramble,
Invites us to scratches, tho' the fruit is so good ?
The long path that winds midst the scenes of the wild-wood,
The softness of air and the glow in the sky,
Recalling the days, when of old in my childhood,
'Neath such grand forest shades contented I'd lie !

The moon rode aloft in her chariot of beauty,
And silvered the air with her mellowest rays,
How we thought of devotion, of faith and of duty,
Of love for the Maker, of Hope and of praise !
Then the curtain of black on the valley was falling.
The gray twilight blended the night and the day,
When sudden the bell from the church-turret calling,
Invited the world for a moment to pray.

Recall you the scene, as when homeward returning,
The lamps of the fire-flies illumined the space ?
It would seem as if all the dark forest were burning,
With the flickering lights of the fairly-like place.
These scenes shall come back, when we too are parted,
And forever I'll think of that thrice happy day :
And whenever I'm sad, or feel ever down-hearted,
Of you I shall think and for you I shall pray.

One line I will add ; for I think it but fair—
Return me the compliment, just give me a prayer !



Domestic -
Poems.

OUR DEAD CHILD.

(Written 6th February, 1893, date of the author's first child's burial.—
John Joseph Alonzo Foran.)

Ah ! to-night we kneel by his vacant cot,
As we lift our hearts to God ;
We bend o'er the crib where his form is not—
And we feel the afflicting rod.
Yet we see the veil of the viewless rent,
As it hangs on the rim of Time,
While up, 'long the way that our baby went,
Speeds a prayer, in a key sublime.

O'er the golden bars on the crystal walls,
'Round the chancel of glory, there,
An angel leans out, and its white robe falls
Just as free as its golden hair ;
And its eyes of blue shoot their rays of love,
Like twin-stars in the dome afar ;—
'Tis the beauteous soul of our child above,
In the land where the angels are.

And a voice steals down thro' the vast abyss,
Yes, a voice we had never known,—
It seems like the sound of a spirit's kiss,
So sweet, so far, so faint, so lone ;
'Tis our baby's voice from the house of God,
From eternity's glorious home,—
He calls us away from this tear-dew'd sod,
And he watches for us to come.

Ah ! his mother's tears and his father's sighs,
 And the grief that his auntie knew,
 Are chang'd into gems in the golden skies,
 Where they shine for the good and true.
 And these gems are set in a crown of life,
 Which he holds there, before our gaze;
 'Tis the prize of our vict'ry in the strife,
 That shall end with our earthly days.

IRENE— OUR BABY GIRL.

(Montreal, 6th June, 1894, date of the death of the author's second child.)

Ah ! in the dear days long ago,
 Before God ever gave thee life,
 We dream'd of what thy name should be ;
 And we had settled each thing so,
 That when the hour of earthly stife
 Would come—we'd call thee Irene.

And thou didst come, sweet, little child,
 And thou didst live, and feel, and move,
 And we looked longingly for thee—
 Poor tiny one, with face so mild,
 So fitted for our tenderest love,
 We saw thy beauty—Irene.

Thy little brother—Alonzo—
 Felt lonely, far from us on high,
 And smiled thy presence here to see ;
 He wished to have his sister go
 To play with him beyond the sky,
 He came and took our Irene.

Few relics of our babe there are :
 A little grave to tell our loss—
 Of her fair form a memory.—
 But in God's realms shines a star—
 To us is left the weary cross,
 Of sorrow for our Irene.

A MEMORY.

(Mary Francis Irene—born and died—6th June, 1894).

Could language rise to the Angel's sphere,
 It would pierce yon skies, where dwells our dear ;
 Could our souls but flee to the realms above,
 They soon would be with our Baby love ;
 But our rhythmic rhyme cannot soar so high,
 We must wait till time o'er our lives sweeps by ;
 Those waxen flowers are the relics all
 That IRENE'S hours in this world recall.
 But our beauty bright, and her brother there,
 In their home of light, hear their parents' prayer.
 And the day will come—when our path we've trod—
 That will bring us home to those loves and God.



IRENE'S FLOWERS.

(Four waxed roses sent by loving friends to deck the tiny bier of the child).

Four beauteous, lovely, waxen roses,
Brought to Irene, tiny love ;—
In yonder mound where she reposes,
Are flowers her little grave above.
But these four treasures, tinted fair,
Recall her features as they were.

Two pinkish flowers, just like her cheeks—
A red rose for her lovely lips,—
The white her innocence bespeaks ;
In sorrow's stream fond mem'ry dips !
Like flowers, could we have kept our dear,
Her mother's days would not be drear.

So like the rose ! just born to die :
So perfect, fragile and so fair—
With love's soft wax, in memory
Alone, Irene, do we spare.
In the deep vases of each heart,
For her a place is set apart !

Scarce any relic have we now,
To tell Irene's priceless worth—
Beneath the loaded cross we bow,
And walk the sad and sunless earth :
For *all* our loves—like last year's flowers—
Are dead—and sorrow's gloom is ours.



TO ALONZO IN HEAVEN.

Our own sweet Boy,
Our only joy ;
Our tiny love,
With God above ;
Our angel fair,
To take each pray'r,
And place it there,
Before God's eyes,
In yonder skies ;
And coax that He
May grant that we,
Some day, shall see,
In bliss above,
His Face of love
With our sweet dove.

CRADLE AND GRAVE.

(To the memory of Alonzo.)

Eight and thirty days of life,
Little span 'twixt grave and birth ;
Tiny efforts in the strife,
Short his visit to the earth.
Lovely angel scarcely come,
Down from heaven to our sod,
When they missed you in the home,
Where the angels live with God.

Just a hurried visit paid,
To your parents here below,
Like the visits angels made
In the storied long ago.
Far too pure for taint of sin,
As the snow-flake crystal white,
Earth your spirit could not win,
So it took its heavenward flight,
Leaving us in sorrow's night.

OUR BABIES' GRAVES.

The first white snow on our Babies graves,
Like flakes of foam on the sea's green waves ;
The snow so pure—like our Babies' hearts,
The snow so cold—like the hour that parts !

The flowers on the Babies' graves are dead,
And the grass is withered, and bleak and red ;
And the Winter comes, with its ashen cloud,
And wraps up the light in its sombre shroud.

The trees are bare—and the scattered leaves
Are crisp as the heart that forever grieves,
For the year's sad night has come to earth,
But the night will pass, and the Spring have birth.

And the sun will shine on the bounteous land,
And the trees will deck them in vesture grand,
And the grass will sprout, and the flowers will grow,
When we say farewell to the Winter's snow.

But bright may the Spring suns radiant burn ;
Our Babes, with the Spring, shall not return.
The snow may melt, when the cold departs ;
But a snow shall cling to the parents' hearts.

The flowers that we loved are forever dead,
And the showers of Spring are the tears we shed ;
While prayers, like dew, will bedeck the sod—
We shall meet the Babes in a Spring with God.

8th November, 1894.





Flumerous . . .

and 

Juvenile Poems.



THE AYLMEER FIVE HUNDRED.

(Not by Tennyson,—on the occasion of the first C. P. R. train from Aylmer to Montreal—.)

League on league, league on league,
 League on league, onward !
 On the Excursion train
 Rode the Five Hundred !
 “ Forward the Aylmer Band, ”
 Shouted the Marshal-grand,
 On the Excursion train
 Rode the five hundred !

“ Forward the Aylmer train ! ”
 Was there a man behind ?
 Not that the stoker knew ;
 Off like the whirlwind ;
 No one to weep, or cry,
 No one to breathe a sigh,
 Neighbors with neighbors vie,
 On the Excursion train—
 Rode the five hundred !

Lawyers and doctors were, blending with ladies fair,
 Clergy and workmen there, all were together ;
 In for a day of fun, in for a railway run,
 Nations were lost in one, all of “ one feather ” !
 Joy, with a happy grace, shone o'er each merry face,
 While at a tearing pace onward they thunder'd ;
 Dashing o'er bridge and lane, fences and fields of grain,
 Passed the Excursion train !—onward Five Hundred !

Houses to right of them, houses to left of them,
 Houses before them whirling and turning ;
 Never a moment's fail, over the iron rail,
 Rounding the hill and bend, friend asks of other friend,
 Expectantly burning,
 " When shall we see Mile End ? "
 Onward Five Hundred !

Puff—went the engine loud, whiz—went the steaming cloud,
 "Hurrah"—cried the anxious crowd, "Here is the Mountain !"
 Stopped was the train at last, each one did ponder ;
 How he had come so fast, each one did wonder ;
 Now 'midst the cries and cheers, company sunder'd ;
 All to return again,
 ALL the Five Hundred !

Houses to right of them, houses to left of them,
 Houses around them, Mount Royal city—
 (And what a pity, of the Metropolis song cannot tell,)
 Yet, grand the day, and well cheer after cheer and yell,
 Told how the joy did swell, when all unite again—
 For the returning train—All the Five Hundred !

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh ! the grand show they made,
 Every one wonder'd !
 Thanks to the Railway then,
 SCOTT and the Railway men,
 Naught. in our humble ken,
 Equalled the ladies fair ;
 Nor was a man to spare,
 Led by the worthy mayor,
 GORDON had charge and care,
 MOSES himself was there,
 Oh, but the sight was rare !
 Aylmer's Five Hundred !

THE GATHERING OF THE CROWS !

—

'Twas on a chill October morn,
 When past the season of the corn,
 Fleecy gray were the morning clouds,
 Mantling the sun like funeral shrouds,
 The chilling blast my slumbers heal'd ;
 My way lay thro' a grass-clad field ;
 With gun in hand I walk'd along,
 Humming, at times, a simple song.
 But, hark ! a note, I'm sure not mine ;
 It came, methinks, from yon aged pine ;
 The October morning air grew raw ;
 The sound that came was a piercing *caw* ;
 What does it mean ? Tell me who knows.
 As the tattoo at evening blows,
 Ah ! 'tis the gathering of the crows !
 Caw ! caw ! the cold wind blows !
 Caw ! caw ! collect the crows !

Cold was the morn and chill the blast ;
 On o'er the stubble-field I pass'd,
 At times I'd pause—my tune I'd stop—
 I'd scan the trees from root to top ;
 I'd scan the field in search of game ;
 No sound I'd hear, but still the same ;
 The same sharp *caw* from yon pine tree ;
 Naught in the woods or fields I see,
 Still on and on, with gun, I go—
 Yet not a sound, save from that crow ;
 'Till, from a wavy beechen bough,
 Another caw comes louder now,

The morning wind still colder blows ;
 The second *caw*—each person knows—
 Is eke for the gathering of the crows !
 Caw ! caw ! the duet goes !
 Caw ! caw ! collect the crows !

Still on I march ; at times I sing ;
 The forest's hollow echoes ring,—
 From tree, from branch, from field, from fence,
 From wooded hill, from forest dense,
 From air, from earth, from very skies,
 The crows with gathering anthem rise !
 'Till every *caw* an echo finds ;
 Yet stronger blow October winds,
 To right, to left, behind, before,
 I turn and count them by the score !
 What is the matter ? Each one knows :
 Behold them on the fence in rows,—
 This regiment black "falls in" and goes,
 Such was the gathering of the crows !
 Caw ! caw ! still fainter grows !
 Caw ! caw ! good-bye, poor crows !

THE FLIES.

(*On a summer after-noon at Green Park, Aylmer, Que.*)

One summer after-noon 'bout four,
 It might be less—it might be more,—
 I sat me at the old hall-door,
 With one of Dickens' books !

An hour I thought to while away,
 By dreaming of some by-gone day ;
 "Quite comfortable"—you would say—
 I was—at least in looks !

Quite comfortable—yes, indeed !
 But still a line I could not read,
 Nor to its meaning could I heed,
 My anger oft would rise ;
 But, then, in vain that anger was ;
 'Tis true, at times, I had to pause,
 'Tis true, for anger there was cause,—
 But still—'twas but the flies !

I left the door-way—in I came—
 But in, or out, 'twas all the same—
 A single fly I could not maim—
 I could not read. To rise,
 And put the book upon the shelf,
 To swear a little to my-self,
 To feel like breaking all the delf,
 Or murder all the flies !

The supper called—I went to eat,
 And here the flies again I meet,
 I scarce have time to take my seat,
 They dart into my eyes !
 The stick themselves upon the bread,
 In tea they're swimming round, half dead.
 Some on the butter soft are fed—
 This country's pest—the flies !

They're buzzing here, they're buzzing there,
 They're buzzing in your mouth and hair,
 And even to your face they dare,
 To mix into the pies !

In vain at flies, in vain you shout,
And just as vain at flies to pout,
In vain you try to drive them out,
The humming, buzzing flies !

Alas ! 'Tis true each man has got,
Upon this earth a fearful lot,
And woman, too, exempt is not—
Until the day she dies :
But of all trials one I know,
Would do them, till the day they go :
(Tho' not our greatest earthly woe)
I mean the summer flies !

But for the flies I know a trick :
Give me a horse-tail on a stick,
And let me thresh till I am sick,
Or 'till my angers rise :
Then I will take that stick again,
And hammer them from wall and pane,
My strokes shall fall like summer rain !
Till I destroy the flies !

THE OYSTER FEAST.

(Yearly the students of Laval University give an oyster supper to the professors, former students and principal citizens of Quebec.)

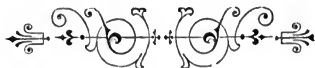
The Oyster Feast ! The Oyster Feast !
Heard you tell of the Oyster Feast ?
When many an old, familiar face,
Our banquet hall, our tables grace,
The lawyer, doctor, sage and priest,
When shall they meet at the Oyster Feast ?

When shall we have the Oyster Feast ?
 The grand, the old, rich Oyster Feast ?
 When mirth and joy around shall ring,
 And happy thoughts be on the wing,
 When every one, from first to least,
 Shall revel long at the Oyster Feast ?

When shall we have the Oyster Feast,
 The yearly, pleasant Oyster Feast ?
 To-night we'll have the joyous throng,
 With hearty joke and lively song,
 To-night, from furthest West to East,
 Our friends shall come to the Oyster Feast.

Then let us toast the Oyster Feast—
 And let us sing the Oyster Feast !—
 Let joy exile all thought of pain ;
 Let pleasure at our table reign ;
 Let Doctor, Lawyer, Sage and Priest,
 Amuse themselves at the Oyster Feast !

Hail, to the olden Oyster Feast !
 Tradition's sacred Oyster Feast !
 Strike loud the chord ; sing, brothers sing !—
 Until our halls responsive ring !
 To-night ! to-night, ah, we at least,
 Will keep the good old Oyster Feast !



LINES.

(Written in the album of Mrs. Dr. Shea, Québec, May, 1878.)

Once a lily did float on the breast of Lough Sheelin ;
It was pure as the flake that in winter doth fall,
And a legend of old tells, with exquisite feeling,
That lily was plucked for a chieftain's bright hall.
For he found that upon it a dark spot did lie,
And the fame of the lily was never to die !
Here's a leaf that is pure as the flow'r of Lough Sheelin ;
Not a spec with its whiteness seems willing to blend—
Ah ! here, with a strong and more exquisite feeling,
I'll dot the fair page with the name of a friend ;
May the name that I write with your friendship be bless'd.
'Till I'm gone to the home where the weary find rest!

THE FIRE-WORKS.

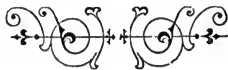
(Québec,—October 1877,—on the Glacis.)

It was a fair evening ; long since has it gone—
But I think of it now with a feeling so lone,—
As back, thro' the darkness, my thoughts wont to fly
To the night that the rockets were piercing the sky !
I think of the square and the soft mossy grass,
Where I sat as around me the multitudes pass,
In the glare and the noise, the numbers went by,
On the night that the rockets were piercing the sky !

The shadows of evening were dark on the vale,
The sound of the music was loud on the gale,
And out from the depths of the firmament's deep,
The stars, one by one, on the festival peep—
Then darker and darker the night shadows grew,
And lighter and lighter the night zephyrs blew,
A silence hung long, 'till the crowd gave a cry,
As the first of the rockets flew up in the sky !

Again and again did each rocket ascend—
With fire in its tail and a star at its end,—
'Till full of poetic emotions most high,
We watch'd for the rocket to burst in the sky !
We tried to compare it to everything 'round—
From the stars in the sky to the lamps on the ground—
On the slope—on our backs, we did thoughtfully lie,
And watch all the rockets aloft in the sky !

With its scenes, and its memories that night has gone past—
But the friendships then formed forever shall last :
Through the vista of years I still think I espy
The rockets that pierced the blue dome of the sky !
I will think of that night and my friends, when the years,
Shall have numbered my joys, and my hopes, and my tears,
I shall think of that scene as I'm ready to die,
And my soul, like a rocket, shoots up in the sky !



KILLARNEY.

(In the June number—1882—of the “Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine,” the late Thomas Carlyle, essayist, etc., etc., speaking of Killarney, made use of such extraordinary language, that the author has taken his words and woven them into a parody of Balfé’s Killarney.)

I.

By Killarney’s mud and fogs,
 Dingy heights and sightless bays,
 Mountains rough and murky bogs,
 Mem’ry ever drowsy strays,
 Bounteous nature loves some lands ;
 Beauty now is very rare,
 Gaping, horrid here she stands—
 And her home is bleak and bare.
 Angels spread their wings and fly
 Towards the regions of the Blest,
 If perchance, in passing by,
 They should see this ugly west.
 Melancholy’s home Killarney !
 Spleen-inspiring, curs’d Killarney !

II.

Innisfallen’s kind of shrine,
 May suggest to some a sigh,
 But, in truth, I must decline,
 Such medieval memory !
 A kind of Lough or ugly bay,
 And Torc, a hill at very best,
 And Muccross ruins, so they say,
 Sleeping monks—another pest !

Angels wonder now that man—
 There could live his earthly span—
 Saddening, sickening hole Killarney !
 Neither bright, nor fair Killarney !

III.

If no place can charm the eye
 With more rich and varied scene,
 Then you'd better up and fly,
 From this lonely Isle of Green.
 Not a bit of grass there grows,
 Dull and dreary all the day ;
 I'd prefer the Arctic snows—
 Or the burning torrid clay.
 Angels sometimes passing there,
 Wonder why they call it fair !
 Saddest, dearest hole, Killarney !
 Jolting, jaunting-car Killarney !

 A VISION.

(Written for a young lady in Quebec, 1878.)

There is a fair scene in the land of the FANCY,
 Away from the haunts of the dark wizard Care,
 Where Happiness rolls in an orbit of splendor,
 O'er Pleasures green valleys all beauteous and fair :
 Where streamlets of Peace thro' the meadows meander,
 By forests that date from the dawn of the world ;
 Where Joy floats along on the wings of the zephyr,
 And Sorrow's dark banner forever is furld.

Away to that land of the Fancy I wandered,
By spirit-hands guided thro' spaces I fled ;
Around me the great world was sunken in slumber,
And Night cast her shadows as onward I sped !
I entered that valley in fearing and wonder,
The spirit then left me a moment alone ;
He said " for a moment "—but oh ! what a moment !
I felt as if centuries had over me flown !

I sat at the gateway and saw all the splendor,
In distance arose a spirit most ghast—
He muttered a phrase, as he beckoned me to him.
That spirit, methinks, was the ghost of the Past !
I gazed then afar where his finger was pointing,
But my vision was check'd as another flew by ;
He, too, seemed to murmur a prayer, or a warning,
'Twas the ghost of the Present that uttered the sigh !

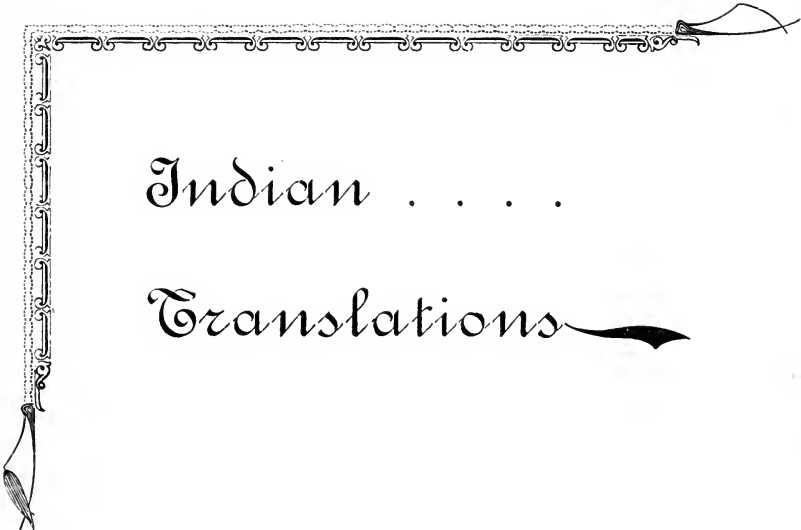
I looked then around for my former companion,
To see was he near, as he promised to be ;
But instead of my guardian the Future appearing,
Was singing before me a sweet song of glee !
Then fearing still more that my guardian had left me,
I strode towards the gateway, intending to go :
But again he appeared by my side, and he whispered,
" The moment is past—back now mortal to woe ! "

" Oh, spirit ! " I cried, " before you would leave me.
Explain me the meaning of what I have seen ;
You promised to stay but a short moment from me,
Yet decade on decade away you have been ! "
The spirit then smiled and he said " oh, poor mortal !
How little you know of the shortness of years ;
For, a moment you found had lengthened to ages ;
How strange the foundation you have for your dreams !

“ The Past you have seen and he stay’d but a moment,
The Present flew past you, as now he doth fly ;
The Future, tho’ brilliant and long in its coming,
Came, at last, for a moment to sing and to die.
’Tis thus fly the moments in rapid succession,
’Tis thus that the Spirits of Time sweep along ;
The years and the ages, then thousands of cycles
Proceed—while the Future still singeth its song ! ”

“ The Future still sings—yet the Future still changes :
The Present flees ever, it never can stay ;
The Past is forgotten—yet Time never tarries—
Adieu, for the present—I leave you—’tis day ! ”
The vision had fled—I awoke,—it was morning,
The sun shed his ray thro’ the shutter and pane ;
I woke but to think of the dream of the even,
And in spirit to roam thro’ that valley again !



A decorative border in the top-left corner of the page, consisting of a series of repeating scroll-like motifs. A quill pen is positioned at the top-right end of the border, and another quill pen is at the bottom-left end.

Indian

Translations

THE MEDA, OR MEDICINE.

Translated from the Indian (Tete-de-Boule) language. It is founded upon an old legend known to this tribe. They are a peaceful people. Their tradition tells us the reason of their quiet manners in the following song.

Wise as the wisest, in council grave,
 He sat with the chiefs around him—
 He knew of the roots that ever save :
 He sought them down by the Black stream's wave.
 He knew the star of each warrior brave,
 And knew where the fates had found him.

Long as the longest, his hair did flow
 Down on his stalward shoulder.
 'Twas black, as the raven, long ago,
 But now 'tis white as the winter snow,
 His voice was loud, that now is low,
 For the Medicine's frame is older.

His frame is bent—but his eye's not old ;
 'Tis keen as the eagle's vision—
 His hand is chill—but his heart's not cold,
 His step is weak—but his glance is bold,
 For deep in his breast does he ever hold
 The secret of life's division !

And he knew by the star that 'rose last night
 Where the tents Oonepoo lie ;
 That shed its rays of the reddest light,
 'Till the wigwam bark grew ghastly bright,
 That war would come and, in crimson fight,
 The chief of the tribe should die !

Two moons passed by and the council fire,
Was quenched on Mistaka's shore ;
The hatchet dug 'round the funeral pyre
The defiant yells went high and higher—
The paint was brought, at the chief's desire,
And the braves were to hunt no more :

To hunt no more their antlered prey,
Nor the beaver's dams to seek.
They had fiercer, braver work, and they
Prepared to march, by the morning gray,
On the warpath down to the deadly fray,
When the Medicine 'rose to speak.

Like a swaying pine on a distant hill,
Both aged, and strong, and grand,
The Medicine stood by the silvery rill,
He ordered the braves to all be still,
To list to the words of the Spirit's will—
And to follow his dread command.

Ere the Medicine spoke the next proud word,
A cloud on the mountain 'rose,
A lightning flash, like a flaming sword,
Gleamed bright, while the distant thunder roared ;
A fear rush'd down on the savage horde,
Like the legions of all their foes.

The pine was struck by the sword of flame,
The Medicine fell like the stately pine.
The stroke that withered them was the same ;
Like a thought, in swiftness, the death blow came,
They called aloud the Medicine's name.
But of life he gave no sign !

Then a great chief rising, said, "you see,
 The Medicine's false, his star a lie—
 The Spirit wishes that peace should be,
 From stain of blood our braves are free,
 Let us bend to His will or like yon tree
 And the Medicine—we shall die!"

And the war-axe now in the earth was place'd,
 And the Calumet-pipe was lit.
 No human scalps their tents disgraced,
 The paint of the war was soon effaced,
 And the tribes, like brothers, then embraced
 And in council together sit.

THE ABENAKIS SONG.

(Translated from the original of Simon Obomsawin, 1884.)

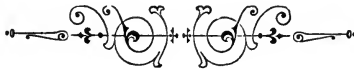
We come from the East, from the land by the sea,
 By the tribes we are known as the Abenakis.
 We first see the sun when arising at morn ;
 We're first on the hill when the new day is born ;
 First met the pale-face, who came o'er the sea—
 First Christians became we—the Abenakis !

Our fathers now sleep in the graves by the sea,
 To the westward are flying the Abenakis.
 Our campfire is quenched and our wigwams are torn,
 Down the hill-slope of sorrow our people are borne,
 We have left the dear haunts by the mighty salt sea,
 And scattered like leaves are the Abenakis !

Like birds in the summer our braves you could see,
In the days of their glory—the Abenakis !
Like birds disappearing when winter is nigh,
So the men of our nation their old homes now fly :
They pass like the flocks that in autumn you see,
And return not at spring-time—the Abenakis !

Like stars in the sky that from dark clouds is free,
Were the braves and the squaws of the Abenakis !
Like stars when the first flush of morning comes on,
In the depths of the blue they, forever, have gone ;
And the sun that has dimm'd them is glorious to see,
And its light gilds the path of the Abenakis !

They were first to receive it that light of the free,
First tribe to be Christian—the Abenakis !
Our chiefs may be traced to the far distant West ;
Their trail is the highway to glory and rest ;
They hunt on the plains of an Eternity—
The chiefs and the braves of the Abenakis !



THE NORTH WIND AND THE SOUTH. *

(Translated from Simon Obomsarwin's Abenakis song.)

Fierce and strong Keewaydin coming
To the southward seeks a bride ;
Shawondasee, lowly humming,
By the Southern ocean tide,
Heard the roar from the Northern shore,
And bowing her head she sighed.

Fear crept over Shawondasee,
And she trembled with a chill ;
Wild indeed it was to see
Great Keewaydin on the hill—
In the sombre shroud of an ashen cloud,
On the summit, he stood still.

Then Shawondasee feared no more,
But rushed up the lovely vale ;
She bent to the one she should adore,
In his presence she grew pale—
And very cold,—like the weak and old—
Compared to the young and hale.

* " Keewaydin " N. W. wind.

" Kabbibonakka," North wind.

" Wabun," East wind.

" Shawondasee," South wind.

As the Indian name for North wind is unsuited to verse we use the N. W. wind instead.—J. K. F.

Keewaydin changed—more softly bland,
More warm in love was he,—
He lost his frown and chill command,
As he bowed to Shawondasee.
They bow, they bend, till their two souls blend,
In a wedlock lovingly.

And so should all the young braves see,
The warmth of love in a bride ;
And each bride should be, like Shawondasee,
For her hero full of pride ;
The cold and warm no more would storm—
But forever move side by side.





Early Poems

at _____

College . . .

A REQUEST.

(TO J. J. GAHAN, ESQ., ON HIS BIRTH-DAY 7TH JANUARY 1878.)

Son of the olden storied land,
 Come with me to its verdant strand,
 And guide me with a brother's hand,
 Thro' the Green Isle :
 Point out each spot, by hill or brake,
 Each well-remembered stream or lake,
 And in my soul the spark awake
 Of love, for her, the while !

Come point me out the Eagle's nest,
 Or where the cloud-wraiths purple rest,
 Mid-way on Mullogh's hoary breast,
 As morn appears :
 And by Killarney's lakes we'll stray,
 We'll list to hear the fairies play,
 Or sing some long forgotten lay
 Of by-gone years !

We'll ramble thro' the ancient bow'rs,
 Where Ireland's bards were crown'd with flow'rs.
 You'll show me then the Gueber's towers—
 Their day now gone :
 You'll lead me to the Shannon's stream,
 Or where the sun doth ever beam
 Upon that vale—like fairy dream—
 'Round Slieve-na-mon !

And when each storied spot I've seen,
When on each battle ground I've been,
Oh, point me out the Shamrock green,
 On Davis' grave :
And tell to me, for well you know,
Where Ireland's sons are lying low,
Those sons, who for her in her woe,
 Their life-blood gave !

Then by some moss-clad, ruined shrine,
An hour together we'll recline,
You'll tell me of her wrongs and thine,
 My dear, good friend ;
And as o'er history's page we pore,
You'll tell me of the days of yore,
When Ireland was unstained by gore,
 From end to end.

Then come along my friend with me,
And we will cross the furrow'd sea,
And by the Shannon, or the Lee
 Together rove :
And when, as brothers we have trod,
That loved, that dear old Irish sod,
Together will we pledge to God—
 For her our love !



ALL SOULS' DAY !

With all Saints' Day our joy has fled,
And sorrow o'er our hearts is spread ;
For all souls' day has come at last—
A day of prayer—a day of fast—

Dona eis Requiem !

Last eve we honor'd those above,
Who praise the Lord's Eternal Love !
To-day we plead for those who low
In cleansing flame are suffering now.

Dona eis Requiem !

We ask of God, for Jesus' sake,
The chains that bind them fast to break,
And free them from all sin and stain,
And make them spotless once again ;

Dona eis Requiem !

To some this day it will be given—
To gain at last, the joys of heaven.—
And with the Seraphs there to sing
The praises of their God and King :

Dona eis Requiem !

Some who had years and years to wait,
Are nearer now the golden gate,—
Ah ! Christians, p'rhaps one fervent prayer,
May clear them from all sin and care !

Dona eis Requiem !

Then, let us to the House of Prayer,
 And offer up orisons there—
 And beg the Lord those souls release—
 And grant to them eternal peace,

Dona eis Requiem !

(All Souls' day 1871 in the author's 14th year.)

SELF-ESTEEM !

Tell me not of Roman pride,
 A phantom frail 'twould seem,
 When seen or placed along beside
 Our modern self-esteem !

A Roman might be king or poet—
 Or anything we dream—
 Yet never did he seem to know it—
 He had no self-esteem !

But any girl that goes the way,
 In modern times 'twould seem,
 Is sure to be a fearful prey—
 To cursed self-esteem !

And men are just as bad as girls—
 When fire-fly like they beam—
 They dread no risk, they fear no perils,
 When fill'd with self-esteem !

I think the meanest men on earth—
Are those who ever deam
Their stuck-up pride a mark of birth—
Those puff'd with self-esteem !

(3d Nov. 1869—in the author's 14th year).

A MOTHER'S LOVE !

From God above, a ray of love
To each of us was given ;
Reflecting bright the holy light,
That floods the halls of Heaven !
Each brilliant ray, bright as the day,
Illumes each Christian spirit,
In glory paints the souls of saints
With pure and holy merit.

CHORUS :

Oh ! the fond love ! the fond love !
The mother's holy, fond love !
The virtue pure that shall endure
A mother's constant, fond love !

Where'er I rove, give me that love,
That constant shall be ever—
For hearts so true indeed are few,
The mother's heart must sever—
Ere she can leave her child to grieve,
Ere she can see him sorrow ;
As during sleep she hears him weep,
Oh ! how she'd wish the morrow.

CHORUS :

Then Muses bring, that I may sing,
 Some sacred harp or other,
 That in my lay, I'll sing and pray
 For one who is my mother.
 Thro' joy and tears, for three score years,
 To earth she has been given—
 In love of God she ever trod
 The righteous road to Heaven.

CHORUS :

(10th Aug., 1872.)

EMMET'S GRAVE !

As grains of sand the years have fled,
 A hundred now are gone,
 Since Ireland sad and lone,
 Bent o'er the spot where Emmet bled,
 To gaze upon the martyr dead :
 And drop o'er him, that knew no fear,
 A silent and a loving tear.
 'Twas all she had, and that she gave—
 To consecrate her Emmet's grave !

He loved her in the prime of life,
 And loved perhaps too well,
 And for his Ireland fell—
 Ere well began that dreaded strife,
 For mother dear, for cherished wife,

For parent fond, for native sod
For faith, for right, for home, for God ;
He fell without a hand to save—
And sank into a martyr's grave—

The peasant stays to gaze and weep—
O'er youth and glory gone—
O'er Ireland's faithful son—
For 'neath that grass doth silent sleep
Within a grave all lonely, deep --
He who for honor and for truth,
In spring of life—in bloom of youth—
His hand and blood to Ireland gave—
His meed was then an honored grave !

A hundred years have passed away.
And on Canadian ground,
To-day in numbers found,
The exiled sons of Ireland stay,
Upon this sad, eventful day,
To mourn together o'er the dead,
The heroes that for Ireland bled ;
In spirit o'er Atlantic's wave
They fly to kneel at Emmet's grave !

And sons of Ireland, as ye stand
Together on this sod
By freemen ever trod,
Think of your dear old native land.
And here, in phalanx proudly grand,
That vow of love—renew—prolong—
For Erin—for the " Land of Song "—
And vowing, swear to ever save
A tear to drop o'er Emmet's grave !

(March 14th, 1875).

TO ERIN'S HARP.

The Harp which long hung upon Tara's old wall—
 That was lifted by Moore at his country's call—
 That Davis, McCarthy, that Griffin and others,
 Exchanged between hands, as love between brothers,
 That Harp, from my home far across the wild ocean—
 I fain would take up and strike into wild motion !

May it ne'er be replaced 'till its chords long vibration,
 Has swept o'er green Erin and beheld her a nation ;
 As it rang at the hands of her princess and sages,
 Long before it was heard in the twilight of ages,
 May it still sound as loud and as proud as before—
 And revive the grand strains of the poets of yore.

For such do we pray, old harp of dear Ireland—
 Fond relic to us of that glorious old sireland—
 How glad if my hand could but worthily raise thee—
 With what gladness, dear Erin, with thy Harp would I praise thee,
 See the foes from thy shores, in a whirlwind flying—
 And hear the last gasp of the strong tyrant dying !

10th Oct. 1874—my 17th year.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

All is silence, all is calmness
 As before some awful storm ;
 Not a breeze now fans the tree tops—
 All is dull, and dead, and warm.

What is it that is acoming—
That all nature stands in awe ?
What is it that now is causing
Nature to forget her law ?

Suddenly a trumpet soundeth—
Thro' the valleys, o'er the hills,—
And like mid-night's pealing thunder
God's wide universe it fills.
'Tis the clarion of the angel—
From yon cloud of fiery red,—
Calling out of earth and ocean
Back to life the countless dead.

There a dark cloud, in wild fury,
Tumbles down the azure sky :
There the sun has hid his glory—
In a darkness spread on high,—
Forward is the orb now driven—
And the silver moon is shattered—
All the planets leave their orbits—
From the dome the stars are scattered.

Rocks volcanic burst asunder,
While the mountains sink or rise ;
See the valleys heaped above them—
'Till their summits pierce the skies.
While the ocean, in mad fury—
Bursts its bounds and rages loud—
Sweeping land marks 'neath its billows—
Burying deep the cities proud—

But one plain and but one mountain
In the world remaining still—
One the dreaded plain of judgment—
One Redemption's sacred hill.

One where we have known all mercy,
 Where sits justice all Divine—
 One Jehosaphat's dark valley
 And thy *skull-hill* Palastine.

But in vain are words to paint it—
 What that day shall there take place ;
 Man can never see such pictures
 'Till he's run his mortal race—
 Drop the curtain then upon them—
 Scenes that we can ne'er conceive—
 Let us pray that when we see them—
 God may us his Kingdom give !

(19th Oct. 1876—19 years old.)

THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

It was two hundred years ago—
 Beside the Ottawa—
 The pine-trees bended to the breeze—
 Man knew but nature's law :
 It was two hundred years ago—
 Upon this smiling land—
 The savage Indian pitched his tent,
 Or led his warrior band.

Primeval forests 'rose around,
 Of mighty oaks and pine—
 And many an Indian hunter there,
 Walk'd on the river's line—

Beside the banks of Ottawa,
Full thousands lived and died ;
Their tombless graves its mighty waves
Were quickly dug beside.

'Twas then the Chaudière's giant fall
O'er dizzy rocks did roar ;
While casting spray and boiling foam
Upon a desert shore !
It swept along triumphantly,
With sound like army grand—
And rushing in its wild career—
It scarcely kissed the land.

'Twas then, with awe and wonder,
The humble natives came—
And gazed upon those tumbling waves
Before they had a name :
'Twas then, in beauty and in might,
That scene was wonderous fair ;
And fitting then its graphic name—
“ Big Kettle ”—“ *Grande Chaudière* ”—

But since a wonderous change has come
Upon this vision grand ;
Since *commerce*, with its iron grasp,
Has over-spread the land.
The human will did curb the stream—
And bridle up the falls—
And now it moans and frets and groans,
Within its narrow walls.

And why should man, with eager hand,
Destroy that picture wild?
Why fondle with the mighty stream
As if it were a child?
Methinks that man would glad efface
All nature's noblest scenes,
That he might hoard his filthy gold—
And swell his sordid means!

31st Oct., 1871—14 years old.

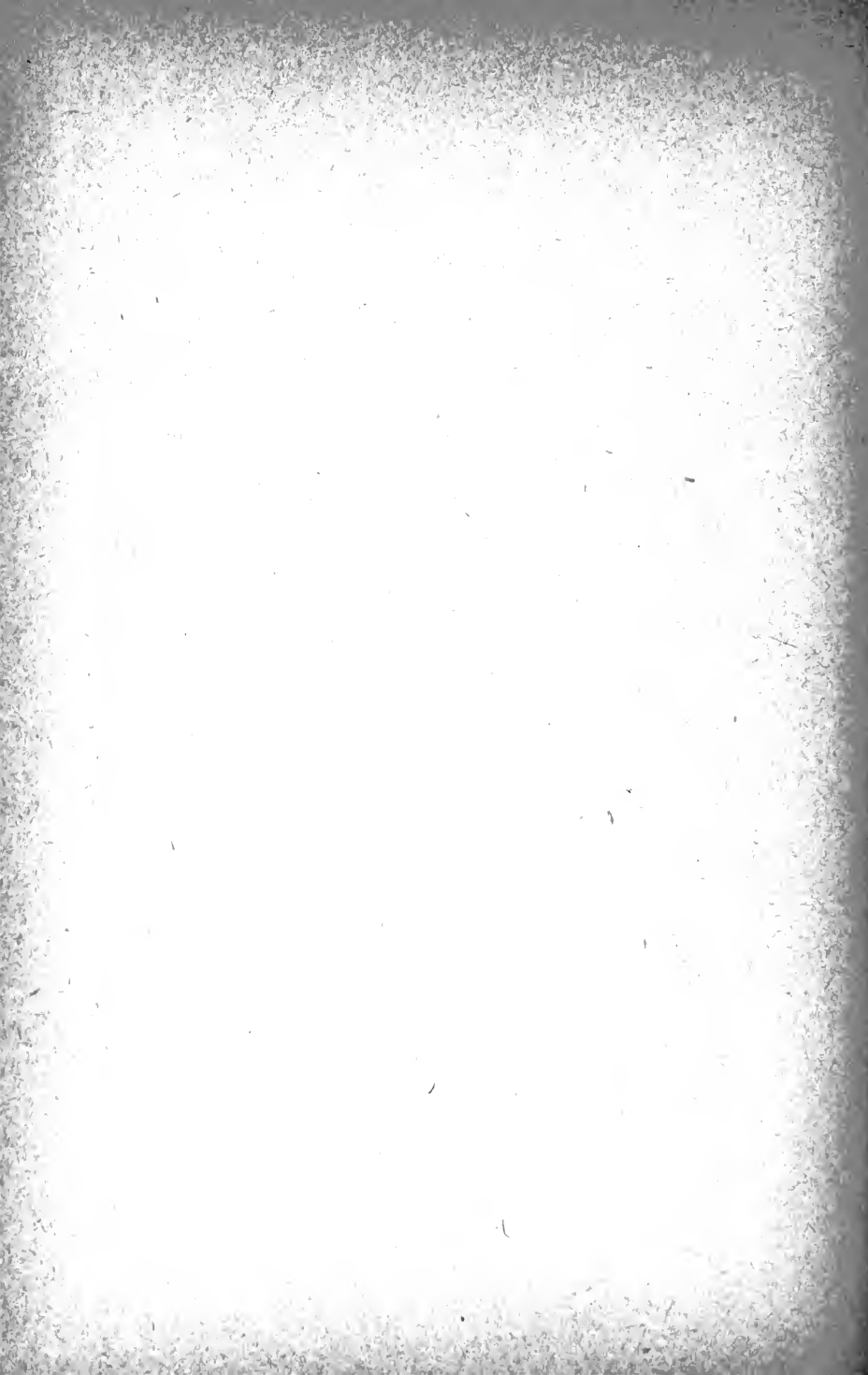


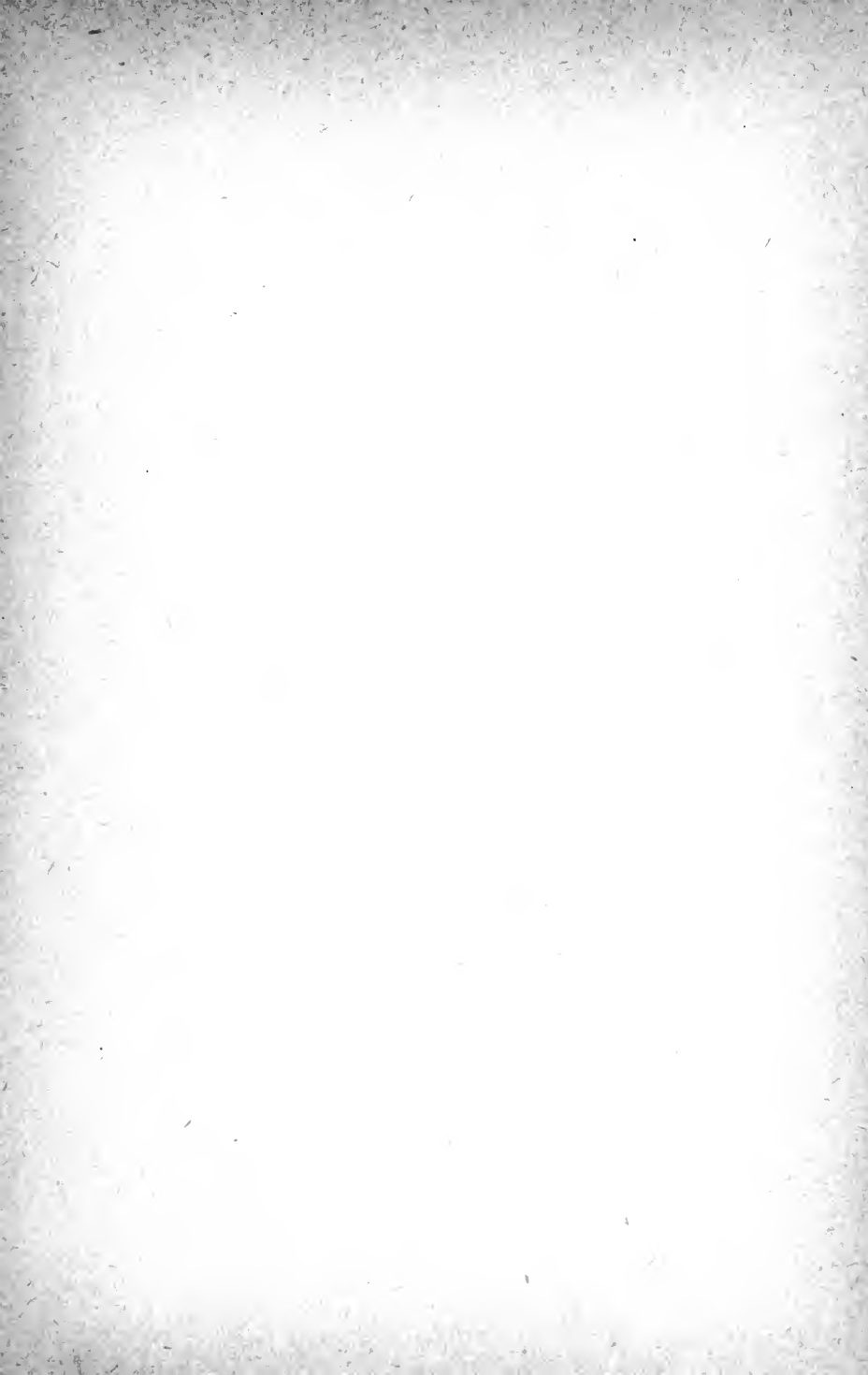
EPILOGUE.

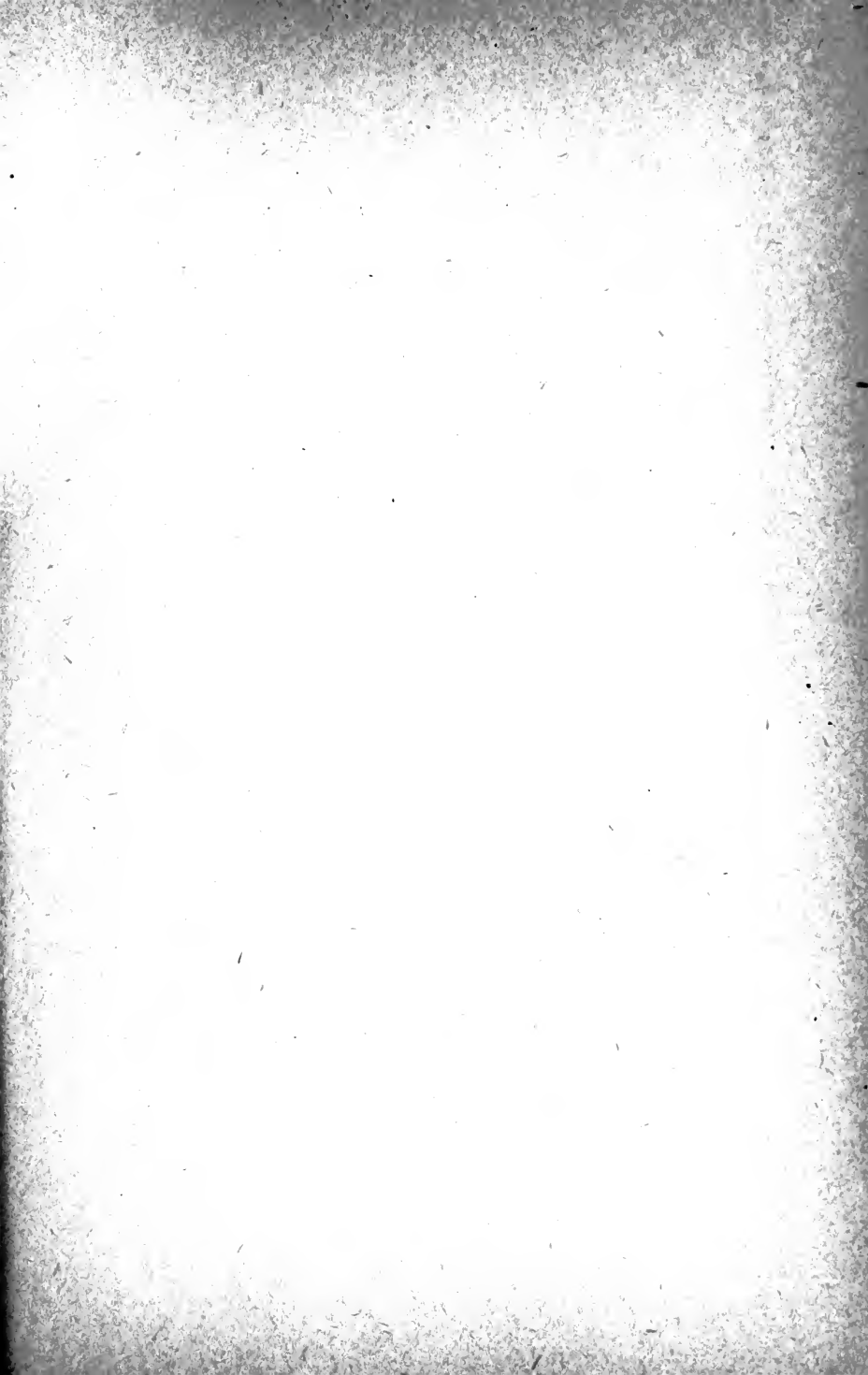
TO THE INDULGENT READER.

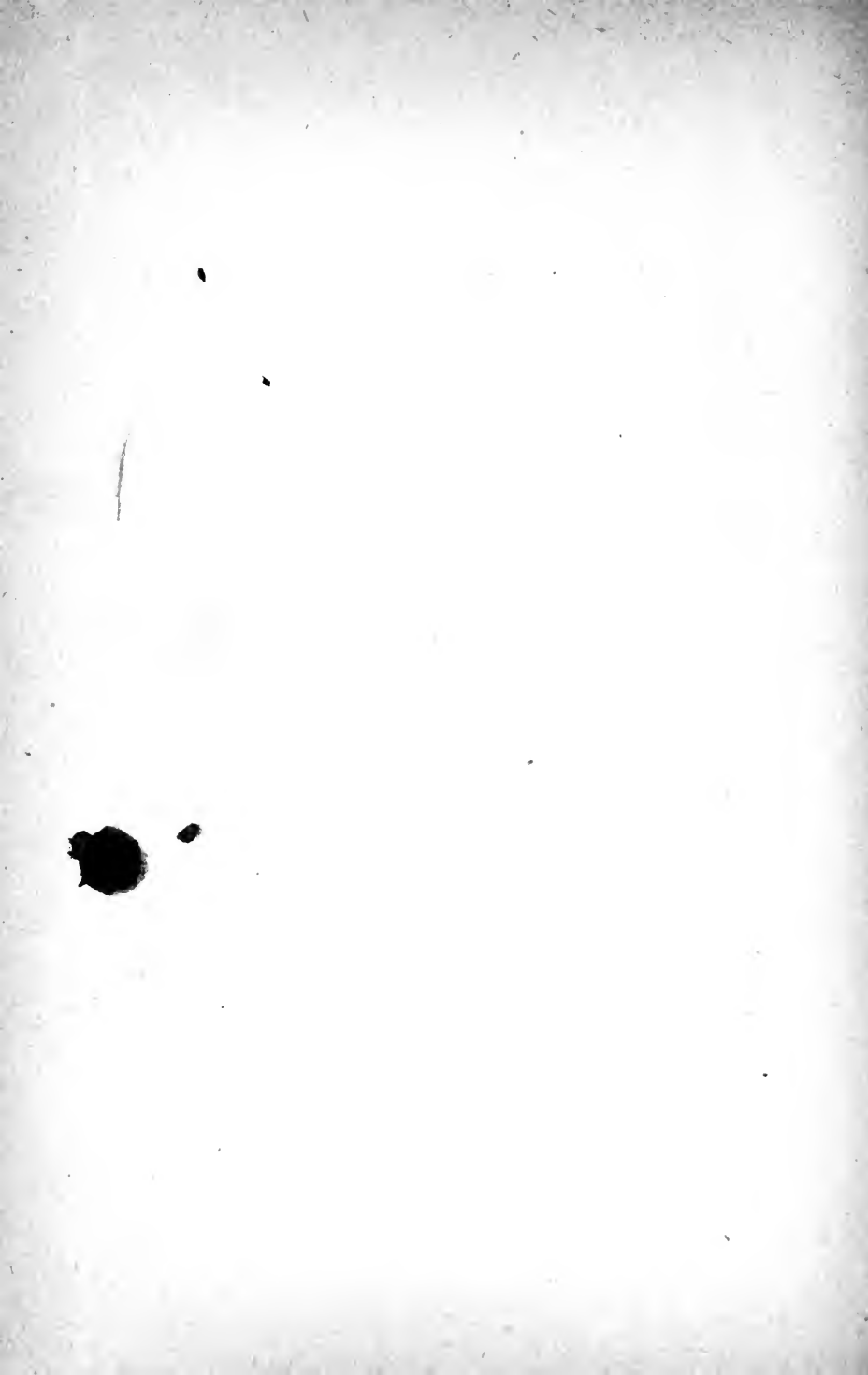
Out of several hundred I have chosen the foregoing few poems for publication. As literary tastes differ so much it would be impossible to select, from such a heap of manuscript as I had before me, a set number of pieces that would please every person. Consequently I have merely chosen those which afford myself the greatest amount of pleasure. They might be far more artistic, but they could never recall more forcibly the many happy scenes in which they were written. Even the few college poems, at the end, have fond memories and sweet associations, which cling to and cluster around them ; to change one word, or correct one verse would seem, to me, a desecration of the past ; with all their imperfections they must remain. And as to my more recent productions, I can only say that if they are imperfect they are, at least, as perfect as I was able to make them. Should they serve to please, to amuse, or to instruct any reader, they will have performed a two-fold duty, that of being a source of enjoyment and consolation to the author and a source of benefit to others. Muses adieu ! Ye were merry and harmless companions, and I hope that our acquaintance may some day be renewed ; as ye animated me with joyousness in the dawning of my career, ye will bring happy memories to my mind when my sun is declining !

J. K. FORAN.









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